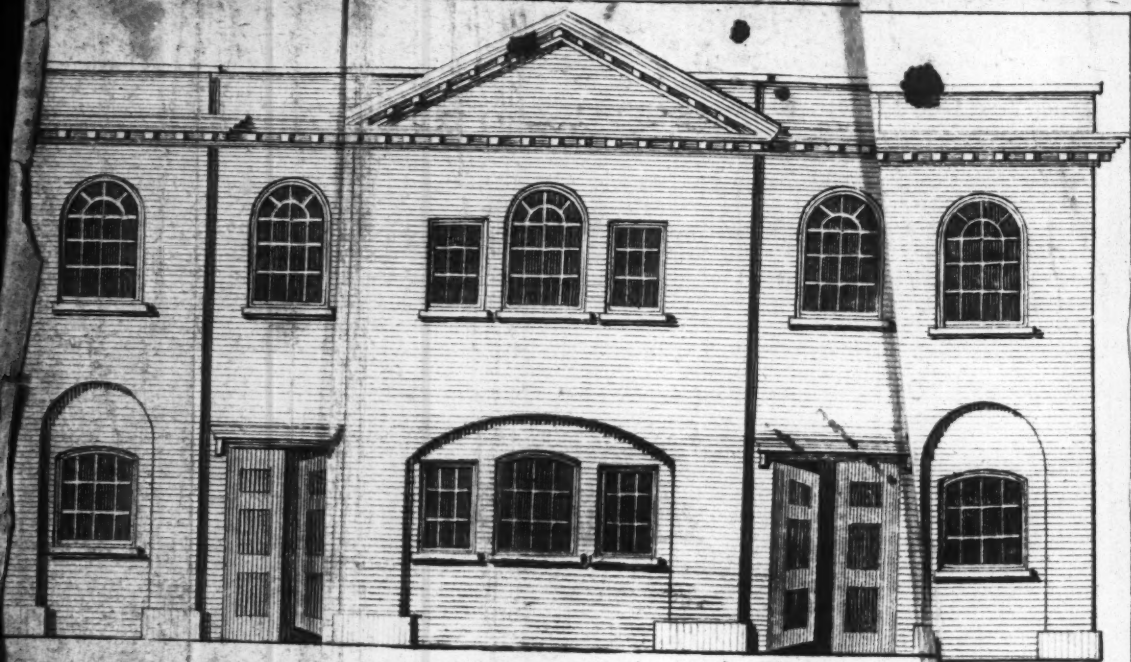
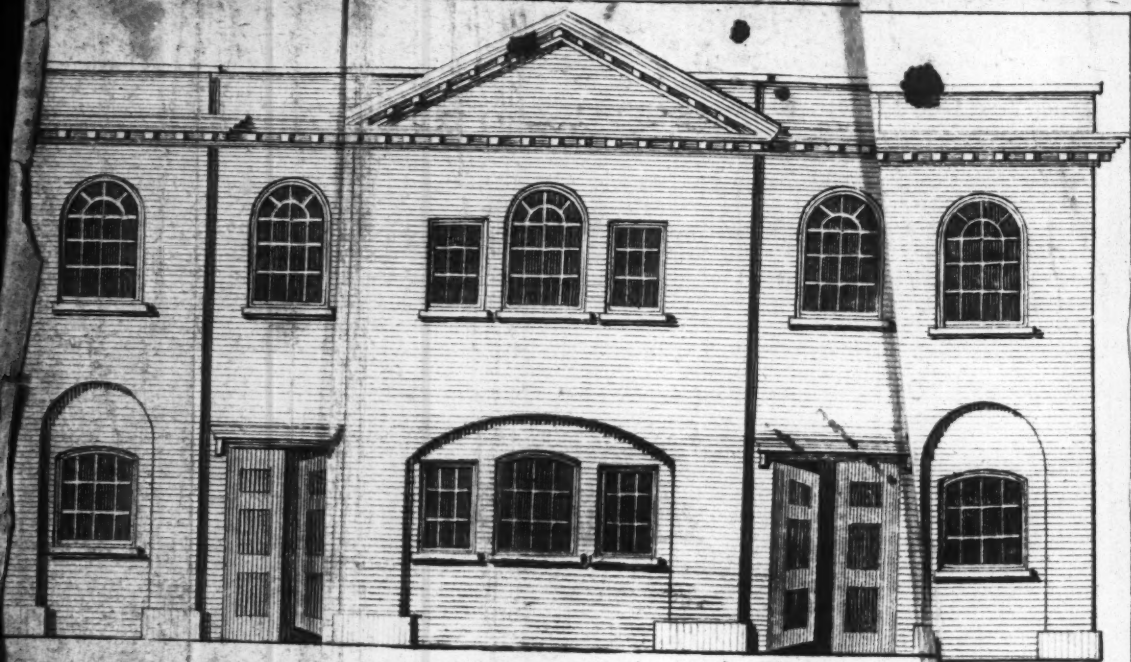




A VIEW of SALEM CHAPEL,
Chapel Street, near Soho Square, London.



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Chapel Street, near Soho Square, London.

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A SELECTION

*of the most beautiful versions of
PSALMS and excellent HYMNS,*

chosen from the best Authors

*& Set to Music; being a Supplement to the
Countess of Huntingdon's Collection of Hymns
as used by the Church under the Pastoral care of*

*The REV^d M: JAMES, at
Salem Chapel near Soho Square.*

IT IS FINISHED. JOHN 19. 30.



*And they Sing the Song of Moses
the Servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb. Rev. 15. 3.*

*London, Printed & Sold for
the Editor by W. Row: Bookseller, N^o 27. Gt. Marlborough Street.
MDCXCIII.*



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P R E F A C E.

IT would be needless to say any thing here in commendation of these PSALMS and HYMNS, as they will be acknowledged, as soon as read, to be all *excellent*, except the V. CXXX. CXXXIV. CXXXV. CXXXIX. CLXX. CLXXXIV. CLXXXV. CLXXXVII. and CLXXXVIII for the imperfections of which the *Editor* alone is accountable. The only apology he shall make for inserting them in this collection is, a wish to please some persons who saw them in manuscript.

The *music* to which the following subjects are set, (and also a smaller edition of this book) may be had

A

of

P R E F A C E.

of the same bookseller. It will be allowed by all who have heard them sung in *public*, or in a *private party*, accompanied by the piano forte, that their beauty will be seen to the best advantage, when sung to the tunes adapted to the different *metres* and *spirit* of the various compositions. As these are intended only to be sung occasionally at SALEM, by way of supplement to *Lady Huntingdon's* collection, none of the hymns in that book are inserted here.

Singing the praises of JEHOVAH is an exercise in the church militant, so nearly allied to the everlasting employ of HEAVEN, that it is pity so edifying and pleasing a part of religious worship should not be better attended to than is the practice of congregations in general. Should this contribute in the least towards the comfort of those whose treasure is above, either in the seasons of *public service*, or
in

P R E F A C E.

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in their *solitary hours*, the *Editor* will be amply recompensed, while he feels that consideration added to the pleasure he has already enjoyed in compiling the work.

Whoever has a heart fond of the sublime views and pure joys of *christianity*, will feel the most solid delight in perusing these short devotional pieces. So soon as he opens this little volume, he will find himself introduced all at once into the invisible world, and charmed with the coelestial scenes of glory and immortality; here he will find *sentiments* admirably suited to all the evangelical *views*, and divine *impressions*, of the sincere christian while subject to the vicissitudes of time; and those who can adopt the language expressed here, as that of their *own hearts*, may be said to be savingly acquainted with the momentous con-

cerns of a future state, and prepared for the inheritance of the saints in light.

Should a heedless eye be cast upon these pages by those who have been accustomed to read nothing but what is calculated to amuse the vain heart for the *present moment*; let reason pause over the first passage which may promiscuously strike the attention here, and they will see, if not blinded by inexcusable *ignorance*, absurd *prejudice*, and stubborn *unbelief*, that every line relates to their situation in *eternity*! and points out the sure way to the glorious abodes of the happy: and they may discern through the *whole*, that the path to bliss is *rational*, that is, quite *consistent* with all that is in this imperfect state to be known of GOD—his attributes—works—dispensations of providence—revealed truth—the present state of man by *nature*—the amazing faculties of

P R E F A C E.

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of his *soul*—the desires of his *heart* after that *satisfactory* kind of happiness which earthly things, at best, cannot afford; and also the *relation* which must appear to almost the rudest thought of intellectual nature, subsisting between him in this nether world, and his *Infinite Creator*, to whom all things in the universe owe their existence; by whose *council* they are governed, and to whose *purposes* the minutest circumstances are subservient; and who must be acknowledged as an omnipotent, just, good, and supremely wise Agent, to have some great *design* worthy of himself in view, as the *result* of all that has been, is now, and shall be transacted under his sovereign eye, during all the *important moments* of time, to the *consummation* of all things; and that benevolent design is the exaltation of human beings (from woes innumerable, to which creatures *deeply fallen* from original rectitude, are subject in these territories of Satan, sin, and death) to ineffable,

effable, and endless glory, and *that thro' the merits of a Substitute*, who voluntarily engaged to become in a *divine and human* capacity, the author of their eternal redemption, whose lovely *Names, Offices, Righteousness and Character* are now the *substance and beauty* of the BIBLE, and will be the triumphant joy, and grateful song, of the blessed in heaven for ever; and for the encouragement of every one, however situated on this earth, who may feel a *wish* for that consummate felicity they are assured in that *volume* of unerring truth, and in the following *pages*, that *whosoever* shall apply to *Him* by faith; repentance, and prayer, shall obtain mercy, and that “He is able to save to the *uttermost* them that come unto GOD, by Him, seeing he *ever liveth* to make intercession for them.”

Reader,

P R E F A C E.

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Reader, that you may share in the unspeakable blessings of his *mediatorial office*, and that these sonnets may be the means, under the influence of the HOLY SPIRIT, to sweeten your meditations, and furnish you with frequent songs in the house of your pilgrimage, to the honor of your great REDEEMER, is the ardent prayer of

Your wellwisher and servant in the

kingdom and patience of CHRIST,

M. JAMES.

Carlisle-Street, Soho-Square,
2 Jan. 1793.

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 By night I sometimes wonder,
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 Curst be the man, for ever curst,
 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
 Come, let us anew, our journey pursue,
 Come, Lord, from above,
 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
 Christ is the sure foundation stone,
 Come, ye that love the Lord,
 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to day,
 Come, worship at Emanuel's feet,
 Christ arose, as on this day,
 Come, thou promis'd Holy Spirit!
 Come, all harmonious tongues,
 Could I so false so faithless prove,
DIVINE is our birth,
 Devote your infant race to me;
 Deathless principle, arise,

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Happy the souls releas'd from fear,
 Hallelujah let us sing,
 Hark! dull soul, how ev'ry thing,
JESUS, full of all compassion,
 Jesus, while he dwelt below,
 I ask'd the Lord that I might grow,
 Jesus the Lord, our souls adore,
 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
 I sojourn in a vale of tears,
 I long to behold him array'd,
 In ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
 Jesus, our King,
 Jesus, in thee our eyes behold,
 In Jesus we live,
 In this world of sin and sorrow,
 In evil long I took delight,
 In vain my fancy strives to paint,
 In vain the dusky night retires,
 I love the Lord, but ah! how far,
 I saw, and lo! a countless throng,
KING of Salem, bless my soul!
 Keep silence all created things,

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LORD didst thou die, but not for me,
 Lord, and am I yet alive,
 Lord of the sabbath, hear our vows,
 Light of those, whose dreary dwellings
 Lift up your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
 Loud let the tuneful trumpet sound,
 Let party names no more,
 Let softest strains of music rise,

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee
 May the grace of Christ our Savior,
 Man's life, a sigh, a groan, a cry,
 My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
 More piercing than the eagle's sight,
 My God accept my early vows,
 My waken'd soul extend thy wings,

NO more, dear Savior, will I boast,
 Now may the Spirit's holy fire,
 Now let the list'ning world around,
 Now let our souls on wings sublime,
 No farther go to-night, but stay,
 Not to Sinai's dreadful blaze,

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O Could I once but see,
 On Sion, his most holy mount,
 O when my righteous judge shall come,
 O the delight, the heav'nly joy,
 On Jordan's bleak cold banks I stand,
 O tell me no more,
 O happy day that fix'd my choice,
 O what transporting views,
 O Zion, fresh vigor put on,
 Oh ! for a glance of heav'nly day
 O thou from whom all goodness flows,
RISE, Sun of glory, shine reveal'd,
 Rock of ages ! shelter me,
 Rejoice, the Savior reigns,
 Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Raise your triumphant songs,
SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 Sons we are thro' God's Election,
 So fair a face bedew'd with tears,
 Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown,
 See Israel's gentle shepherd stands,
 Soft season of repose,
 Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies,

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Sweeter sounds than music knows,
Solemn day of nature's doom!
Some sweet favor of thy favor,
Shudder not to pass the stream,

THOU' troubles assail
To distant lands thy gospel send,
Thro' all the various shifting scene,
'Tis finish'd, so the Savior cry'd,
The deluge at th' Almighty's call,
Thy life, I read, my dearest Lord,
The spacious firmament on high,
The day spring dawns, the awful is come,
To thee, my God, I hourly sigh,
Thrice happy, who on earth beheld,
The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
This is the day the Lord hath made,
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COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

H Y M N I.

The House of GOD.

HOUSE of our GOD, with cheerful anthems
ring,

While all our lips and hearts his graces sing:
The op'ning year his goodness shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name.

The LORD is good, his mercy never ending;
His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.

B

The heav'n of heav'ns, he with his bounty fills:
 Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
 His honor's sound; you to whom good alone,
 Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known.

Thro' your immortal life, with love increasing,
 Proclaim your Maker's glory, never-ceasing.

Thou earth enlighten'd by his rays divine,
 Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine;
 Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,
 And lay their crowns at his paternal feet:

With grateful love, that lib'ral hand confessing,
 Which thro' each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing.

Zion, enrich'd with his distinguish'd grace,
 Blest with the rays of thine EMMANUEL'S face;
 Zion, JEHOVAH'S portion, and delight,
 Grav'n on his hands, and hourly in his sight.

In sacred strains, exalt that grace excell'g,
Which makes thy humble hill, his chosen
dwelling.

His mercy never ends, the dawn, the shade,
Still see new bounties thro' new scenes display'd;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their Father's God.

The deathless soul, thro' its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

Burst into praise, my soul; all nature join;
Angels and men in harmony combine:
While human years are measur'd by the sun,
And while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness, in perpetual show'rs descending,
Exalt in songs, and raptures, never ending.

II. *Divine Worship.* L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name give thanks and sing;
 To shew thy love by morning-light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal care shall seize my breast;
 O, may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my LORD,
 And bless his works, and bless his word:
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
 How deep thy counsels! How divine!

Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die,
 Like grass they flourish, till thy breath,
 Blast them in everlasting death.

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But I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refin'd my heart ;
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Sin, my worst enemy before,
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more :
 My inward foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desir'd, or wish'd, below ;
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ,
 In that eternal world of joy.

III. *Going to Church.* P. M.

HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
 To hear the people cry,
 Come let us seek our God to-day ;

Yes, with a cheerful zeal
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honors pay.

Zion, thrice happy place!
 Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round;
 In thee our tribes appear
 To pray, and praise, and hear,
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

There David's greater son,
 Has fix'd his royal throne :
 He sits for grace and judgment there ;
 He makes the sinner sad,
 And bids the saint be glad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait
 To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest.

My tongue repeats her vows:
 Peace to this sacred house,
 For here my friends and kindred dwell;
 And since my glorious God,
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

IV. *The Supplication.* P. M.

JESUS full of all compassion,
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
 Let me know thy great salvation,
 See, I languish, faint, and die.

Guilty, but with heart-relenting,
 Overwhelm'd with hapless grief;
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
 Send, Oh send me, quick relief.

Whither should a wretch be flying?
 But to him who comfort gives;
 Whither from the dread of dying?
 But to him who ever lives.
 While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,
 Breathless on the cursed tree,
 Fain I'd feel my heart believing,
 That I thou suffered'st then for me.

With Thy righteousness and spirit,
 I am more than angels blest;
 Here with Thee all things inherit,
 Peace, and joy, and endless rest.

Without Thee, the world possessing,
 I should be a wretch undone:
 Search through heav'n, the land of blessing,
 Seeking good, and finding none.

Hear then, blessed SAVIOR, hear me:
 My soul cleaveth to the dust;
 Send the comforter to cheer me,
 Lo! in Thee I put my trust.
 On the word, Thy blood hath sealed,
 Hangs my everlasting all;
 Let thine arm be now revealed,
 Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

In the world of endless ruin,
 Let it never, LORD, be said,
 "Here's a soul that perish'd, suing
 "For the boasted SAVIOR's aid!

Sav'd! the dead shall spread new glory,
 Through the shining realms above,
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptur'd with Thy love.

The following hymn was composed by the editor, on the evening prior to the interment of his wife, and was sung at her funeral, Dec. 16, 1789. She was daughter of Hugh Josiah Hansard, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, for the county of Middlesex: was married but ten months, and died in the 23d. year of her age; her remains, with that of her infant, were deposited in a new vault in Salem Chapel. Her aimable dispositions and the sweetness of her manners, left a lasting sense of real excellence on the minds of her acquaintance, whose unanimous opinion would deem any

any formal panegyric too trifling an expression of their exalted sentiments on a character so justly beloved. To gratify a few friends, these three verses appear in the present collection, as a small tribute to her memory.

V. Funeral. P. M.

FAR above death's dreary empire!
 Far beyond the reach of woe,
 In fair Salem, "Wall'd with sapphire,"
 Dress'd more white than virgin's snow!
 Does the glad triumphant spirit,
 Which this house of clay resign'd,
 Now with God "all things inherit,"
 Evermore a happy mind.
 Saints and seraphs, without number,
 Are her blest companions there!
 Who ne'er faint, or sleep, or slumber,
 In that pure immortal sphere.

But in sonnets, without ceasing,
 All harmonious round the throne,
 They ascribe, all praise and blessing,
 To the Three Eternal One.

CHRIST, the author of salvation,
 Nobly sounds on all their tongues,
 Th' labors of divine compassion,
 Sweetly warble in their songs.
 Hasten resurrection morning;
 Hail thou restitution day!
 Then adieu to sin and mourning,
 Welcome bliss without decay.

VI. Rev. vii. 13. L. M.

Q. EXALTED high, at God's right hand,
 Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
 With glory crown'd in white array,
 My wond'ring soul says, Who are they?

A. These are the saints belov'd of God;
Wash'd are their robes in JESU's blood;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

Q. Brighter than angels, lo, they shine,
Their glories great and all divine;
Tell me, their origin, and say,
"Their order what, and whence came they?"

A. Thro' tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame,
Within the living temple blest,
In GOD they dwell, and on him rest.

Q. And does the cross thus prove their gain?
And shall they thus for ever reign;
Seated on sapphire thrones, to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace?

A. Hunger they ne'er shall feel again!
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;
To wells of living water led,
By GOD, the Lamb, for ever fed.

Q. Unknown to mortal ears they sing,
The secret glories of their king:
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their long exalted praise?

A. JESUS the SAVIOR is their theme;
They sing the wonders of his name;
To him ascribing pow'r, and grace,
Dominion, and eternal praise.

Chorus. Amen, they cry, to him alone,
Who dares to fill his Father's throne;
They give him glory, and again
Repeat his praise, and say, Amen.

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VII. *Praise the LORD.* P. M.

GIVE to our GOD immortal praise;
 Mercy and truth are all his ways;
 Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the **LORD** of lords, renown
 The King of kings with glory crown:
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, He spread the sky,
 And fix'd the starry lights on high:
 Wonders of grace to GOD belong:
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night:
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When suns and moons shall shine no more.

The Jews he freed from Pharoah's hand,
 And brought them to the promis'd land :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
 And felt his pity work within :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When death and sin shall reign no more.

He sent his son, with pow'r to save,
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

Through this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no more.

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VIII. *Jehovah Fire.* P. M.

THO' troubles assail
 And dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail
 And foes all unite ;
 Yet one thing secures us
 Whatever betide ;
 The scripture assures us,
 The LORD will provide.

The birds without barn
 Or storehouse are fed,
 From them let us learn
 To trust for our bread :
 His saints, what is fitting,
 Shall ne'er be deny'd,
 So long as 'tis written,
 The LORD will provide.

We may, like the ships,
 By tempests, be tost
 On perilous deeps ;
 But cannot be lost :
 Tho Satan enrages
 The wind and the tide,
 The promise engages,
 The LORD will provide.

His call we obey
 Like Abra'm of old,
 Not knowing our way,
 But faith makes us bold :
 For tho' we are strangers,
 We have a good guide,
 And trust in all dangers,
 The LORD will provide.

When Satan appears
 To stop up our path,
 And fills us with fears,
 We triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us,
 Tho' oft he has try'd;
 This heart-cheering promise,
 The LORD will provide.

He tells us we're weak,
 Our hope is in vain,
 The good that we seek,
 We ne'er shall obtain;
 But when such suggestions
 Our spirits have ply'd;
 This answers all questions,
 The LORD will provide.

No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known
The SAVIOR's great name
In this our strong tower,
For safety we hide,
The LORD is our power,
The LORD will provide.

When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace,
Shall comfort us thro'
No fearing or doubting,
With CHRIST on our side,
We hope to die shouting,
The LORD will provide.

IX. *Gethsemane.* 7s.

JESUS, while he dwelt below,
 As divine historians say,
 To a place would often go;
 Near to Kedron's Brook it lay:
 In this place he lov'd to be,
 It was nam'd Gethsemane.

Full of love to man's lost race,
 On this conflict, much he thought:
 Thus he knew the destin'd place,
 And he lov'd the sacred spot:
 Therefore, 'twas he lik'd to be
 Often in Gethsemane.

Many woes had he endur'd,
 Many fore temptations met;

Patient, and to pains inur'd:
 But the forest trial yet,
 Was to be sustain'd in thee,
 Gloomy, sad Gethsemane.

Came at length the dreadful night;
 Vengeance, with its iron rod
 Stood, and with collected might
 Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God.
 See, my soul, thy SAVIOR see
 Grov'ling in Gethsemane,

There, my God, bore all my guilt;
 This thro' grace can be believ'd:
 But the horrors which he felt,
 Are too vast to be conceiv'd:
 None can penetrate thro' thee,
 Doleful, dark Gethsemane.

True, I can't deserve to share
 In a favor so divine;
 But since sin first fix'd me there,
 Who has greater claims than mine?
 And to this my woeful plea,
 Witness thou Gethsemane.

Sins against a holy God;
 Sins against his righteous laws;
 Sins against his love, his blood;
 Sins against his name, and cause;
 Sins immense as in the sea!
 Hide me, O Gethsemane.

Here's my claim, and here alone,
 None a SAVIOR more can need:
 Deeds of righteousness I've none:
 No, not one good work to plead;

Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

SAVIOR, all the stone remove
From my rocky, flinty heart;
Thaw it with the beams of love:
Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart:
Wound the heart that wounded Thee,
Melt it in Gethsemane.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One Almighty, GOD of love,
Prais'd by all the heav'nly host,
In thy shining courts above,
We, poor sinners, gracious Three,
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

X. *The Wonders of Redemption.* C. M.

BEYOND the glitt'ring starry globes,
Beyond ethereal hills;

There, in the boundless realms of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.

Legions of angels round his throne,
In countless armies shine,
With glowing joy, and golden harps,
To offer songs divine.

Hail! glorious prince of peace, they cry,
Whose unexampled love;
Mov'd thee to quit these glorious realms,
And royalty above.

Whilst he did condescend on earth,
To suffer rude disdain:
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

Thro' all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend:

Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd, where at last,
This scene of love would end.

They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,
And view'd the crimson gore;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.

They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clap'd their triumphant wings, and cry'd,
"The glorious work is done."

XI. *The Redeemer.* P. M.

MIGHTY GOD, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name;
LORD of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Hallelujah, &c. &c. Amen.

LORD of ev'ry land and nation,
 Antient of eternal days:
 Sounded through the wide creation,
 Be thy just and lawful praise.

Hallelujah.

For the grandeur of thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For created works of power,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought.

Hallelujah.

For thy providence that governs,
 Through thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
 Blessed be thy gentle reign.

Hallelujah.

But thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along;
 Thought is poor, and poor expression,
 Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah.

Brightness of thy father's glory,
 Shall thy praise unutter'd lie;
 Fly my tongue, such guilty silence,
 Sing the LORD who came to die.
Hallelujah.

Did archangels sing thy coming?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays?
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse to praise.
Hallelujah.

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From the highest throne of Glory!
 To the cross of deepest woe!
 For such love to guilty captives,
 May thy praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah.

Rise, ascend, immortal SAVIOR,
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
 Thence return and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all thine own.
Hallelujah.

XII. *The Eternal Plan.* P. M.

WE sing the deep mysterious plan
 Which God devis'd, e'er time began;
 At length disclos'd in all its light:

We blefs the wondrous birth of love,
Which beams around us from above,
With grace fo free, and hope fo bright.

Here, has the wife eternal mind
In CHRIST, their common head, conjoin'd;
Gentiles, and Jews, and earth, and heav'n:
Thro' him, from the great Father's throne,
Rivers of blifs come rolling down,
And endless peace, and life are giv'n.

No more the awful cherubs guard,
The tree of life with flaming fword,
To drive afar man's trembling race;
At Salem's pearly gates they ftand,
And fmiling wait (a friendly band!)
To welcome ftangers to the place.

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XIII. *Redeeming Love.* L. M.

HOW wondrous are the works of God,
 Display'd thro' all the world abroad!
 Immensely great! immensely small!
 Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

He form'd the sun, fair fount of light;
 The moon, and stars, to rule the night:
 But night, and stars, and moon, and sun,
 Are little works compar'd with one.

He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies,
 Made vallies sink, and mountains rise:
 The meadows cloath'd with native green,
 And bade the rivers glide between.

But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
 Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
 To wonders man was born to prove!
 The wonders of redeeming love.

'Tis far beyond what words exprefs,
 What faints can feel, or angels guefs:
 Angels, that hymn, the great I AM,
 Fall down, and veil before the Lamb.

The higheft heav'ns are fhort of this,
 'Tis deeper than the vaft abyfs:
 'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,
 Or hope expect, or faith believe.

Almighty GOD, figh'd human breath,
 The LORD of life experienc'd death!
 How it was done, we can't difcufs;
 But this we know, 'twas done for us.

Bleft with this faith, then let us raife
 Our hearts in love, our voice in praife;
 All things, to us, muft work for good,
 For whom the LORD hath fhed his blood.

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Trials may press of ev'ry sort ;
 They may be sore, they must be short ;
 We now believe, but soon shall view,
 The greatest glories God can shew.

XIV. *The Hiding Place.* Isa. xxxii. 1.

HAIL ! sov'reign love, that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man ;
 Hail ! matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding place.

Against the God who rules the sky,
 I fought with hand uplifted high ;
 Despis'd the riches of his grace :
 Too proud to seek a hiding place.

Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
 And fond of darkness more than lig

Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

But thus th' eternal council ran,
Almighty love, arrest that man;
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

Indignant justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cry'd, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding place."

E'er long, an heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd,
Who led me on with placid pace,
To JESUS, as my hiding place.

Should storms of sevenfold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole:

No flaming bolt should daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.

On him, th' Almighty's vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for the chosen race,
And so became our hiding place.

A few more rolling furs at most,
Will land me on fair Can'an's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my LORD, my hiding place.

XV. *Looking upwards for perfect Happiness.* L.M.

RISE sun of glory, shine reveal'd,
In all thy majesty divine;
Be thy bright face no more conceal'd,
And give me pow'r to call thee mine.

Methinks a ray of heav'nly light,
 Already darts upon my soul;
 Behold the promis'd land in sight,
 And seas of bliss in prospect roll.

But soon the radiant visions fail,
 Returning fears their pow'r regain;
 Darknes, and doubts, again prevail,
 And sin, and guilt, o'erwhelm the scene.

When shall the long expected morn,
 Sure earnest of eternal day,
 These griefs, and groans, to transport turn,
 And scatter all the shades away?

In Meshech's tents, a poor abode:
 Why must my soul lamenting stay?
 I long to climb the shining road,
 Freed from the bonds of mortal clay.

All hail, ye realms of endless light !
Of endless peace, and joy, and love !
Ye guardian spirits, aid my flight,
And bear me to your seats above.

XVI. *The spiritual Coronation.* Cant. iii. 2. C.M.

ALL hail the pow'r of JESU's name,
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him LORD of All.

Crown him, ye Martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call :
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him LORD of All.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small ;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him LORD of All.

Ye gentile finners, ne'er forget
The wormwood, and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him LORD of All.

Babes, men, and fires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall;
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him LORD of All.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him LORD of All.

O that with yonder, sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
To join the everlasting song,
And crown him LORD of All.

XVII. *The eternal Love of* CHRIST. P. M.

E'ER GOD had built the mountains,
 Or rais'd the fruitful hills;
 Before he fill'd the fountains
 That feeds the running rills;
 In me, from everlasting,
 The wonderful I am,
 Found pleasures never wasting,
 And wisdom is my name.

When, like a tent to dwell in,
 He spread the skies abroad;
 And swath'd about the swelling
 Of ocean's mighty flood;
 He wrought by weight and measure,
 And I was with him then;
 Myself the Father's pleasure,
 And mine, the sons of men.

Thus wisdom's words discover

Thy glory and thy grace,

Thou everlasting lover

Of our unworthy race.

Thy gracious eye survey'd us,

E'er stars were seen above ;

In wisdom thou hast made us,

And dy'd for us in love.

And could'st thou be delighted

With creatures such as we !

A sinful race who slighted

And nail'd thee to a tree !

Unfathomable wonder,

And mystery divine !

The voice that speaks in thunder,

Says, " sinner, I am thine ! "

XVIII. *The happy Pilgrimage.* S. M.

FROM Egypt lately freed,
 By the REDEEMER'S grace;
 A rough and thorny path we tread,
 In hopes to see his face.

The flesh dislikes the way,
 But faith approves it well;
 This only leads to endless day,
 And others lead to hell.

The promis'd land of peace,
 Faith keeps in constant view;
 How diff'rent from the wilderness,
 We now are passing thro'!

Here often from our eyes
 Clouds hide the light divine;
 There we shall have unclouded skies,
 Our sun will always shine.

Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
 And fears distress us fore ;
 But there eternal pleasure reigns,
 And we shall weep no more.
 LORD, pardon our complaints,
 We follow at thy call !
 The joy prepar'd for suff'ring saints,
 Will make amends for all.

XIX. *Zion's Glory.* P. M.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode :
 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ;

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With falvation's walls furrounded,
Thou may'ft fmile at all thy foes.

See the ftreams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well fupply thy fons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint while fuch a river,
Ever flows their thirft t' affuage ;
Grace, which like the LORD, the giver.
Never fails, from age to age.

Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud, and fire, appear
For a glory, and a cov'ring,
Shewing that the LORD is near :
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and fhade by day ;

Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the REDEEMER's blood;
JESUS, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises,
Over self, to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises,
Each for a thank-offering brings.

SAVIOR, if of Zion's city,
I, thro' grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;

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Solid joys, and lasting treasure,
None but ZION's children know;

XX. *Come and welcome.* 7s.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the SAVIOR deigns to die;
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravish'd ear.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Come, and welcome, sinner, come.
Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid,
Bow the knee, and kiss the son,
Come, &c.

Spread, for thee, the feastal board
See with richest dainties stor'd,

To thy Father's bosom prefs'd,
 Yet, again, a child confess'd,
 Never from his house to roam,
 Come, &c.

Soon the days of life shall end,
 Lo! I come, your SAVIOR, friend,
 Safe, your spirits to convey,
 To the realms of endless day;
 Up to my eternal home,
 Come, and welcome, sinner, cōme.

XXI. *Contrition.* 7s.

FATHER, at thy call I come;
 In thy bosom there is room
 For a guilty soul to hide;
 Prefs'd with grief on ev'ry side.
 Here I'll make my piteous moan;
 Thou canst understand a groan:

Here my sins and sorrows tell,
What I feel thou knowest well.

Ah! how foolish I have been,
To obey the voice of sin;
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.

Darkness fills my trembling soul,
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll;
Pity, Father, pity me,
All my hope's alone in thee.

Has my elder brother dy'd?
And, is justice satisfi'd?
Why! O why! should I despair
Of my Father's tender care?

XXII. *Pious Expostulation.* L. M.

LORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?

Is not thy pardon rich and free,
Seal'd in the kind atoning flood.

Who then shall drive my trembling soul,
From thee, to regions of despair?

Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's sov'reign reign!

What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

Low, at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

XXIII. *The wise Choice.* L. M.

BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;

SAVIOR, divine, diffuse thy light,
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
 Engage this roving treach'rous heart,
 To fix on Mary's better part;
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys that none can take away.
 Then let the wildest storms arise,
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures will me bear.
 If thou, my JESUS, still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

XXIV. *The heavenly Race.* C. M.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigor on;

A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

'Tis GOD's all animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;

'Tis his own hand presents the prize,
To thine aspiring eye.

A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

Bless'd SAVIOR, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry at thy feet,
We lay our laurels down.

XXV. *Prayer answered by Crosses.* L. M.

I ASK'D the LORD that I might grow,
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;

Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.

'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

I hop'd, that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this he made me feel,
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell,
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

Yea more, with his own hand, he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe.

Cross all the fair designs I schem'd,
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

"LORD, why is this?" I trembling cry'd,

"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"

"'Tis in this way," the LORD reply'd,

"I answer pray'r for grace and faith.

"These inward trials, I employ

"From self and pride to set thee free,

"And break the scheme of earthly joy,

"That thou may'st see thy all in me."

XXVI. *The Nativity.* 7s.

HOLY wonder, heav'nly grace,
 Come inspire our humble lays;
 While the SAVIOR'S love we sing,
 Whence our hopes and comfort spring.

Man involv'd in guilt and woe,

Touch'd his tender bosom so:

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That when justice death demands
Forth the great deliv'rer stands.

Cries to God, "Thy mercy shew,
"Lo! I come, thy will to do,
"I the sacrifice will be,
"Death shall plung his dart in me."

Tho' the form of God he bore,
Great in glory, great in pow'r;
See him in our flesh array'd,
Lower than his angels made.

He that heav'n itself possess'd,
Now an infant at the breast;
Angels from the world above,
See, and sing th' amazing love.

Thro' the shining hours of day,
Toil and danger mark his way;

Lonely mounts, and chilling air,
Witness to his midnight pray'r.

Now the heav'nly lover dies,
Darkness veils the mid-day skies;
Angels round the bloody tree,
Throng and gaze in ecstasy.

Pow'rs unseen, earths bosom cleave,
Rocks, and tombs, assunder cleave:
While the temple's rending veil,
Tells the priest the awful tale.

But the third day's dawning come:
Lo! the SAVIOR leaves the tomb:
Re-ascends his native sky,
Where he lives no more to die.

On his cross he builds his throne,
Whence he makes his glories known:

Sends his spirit down to give
Dying sinners grace to live.

XXVII. *Invitation.* C. M.

HOW free, and boundless, is the grace,
Of our redeeming God ;
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of ev'ry blood.

The mightiest king, and meanest slave,
May his rich mercy taste ;
He bids the beggar and the prince,
Unto the gospel feast.

None are excluded thence, but those,
Who do themselves exclude ;
Welcome the learned, and polite,
The ignorant, and rude,

Come then, ye men of ev'ry name,
Of ev'ry rank, and tongue :

What you are willing to receive,
Doth unto you belong.

XXVIII. *A Blessing requested.* P. M.

COME, thou soul transforming spirit,
Bless the sower, and the seed,
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel,
Now supply thy people's need.

O, may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy words design'd to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing
Joyfully the truth receive,
And for ever,
To thy praise and glory live.

XXIX. *Spread of the Gospel.* L. M.

TO distant lands thy gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend;
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
Thou king of grace, salvation shew.

Where'er thy sun, or light, arise,
Thy name, O God, immortalize;
May nations, yet unborn, confess,
Thy wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness.

XXX. *After Sermon.* P. M.

MAY the grace of CHRIST our SAVIOR,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus, may we abide in union,
With each other, and the LORD :

And possess in sweet communion,
Joy, which earth cannot afford.

XXXI. *Thirsting for God.* S. M.

O Could I once but see,
My inter'ft in the LORD;
That JESUS liv'd and dy'd for me;
What joy would that afford!

But ah! how dark my soul,
How wretched is my mind;
Because I cannot see the LORD,
And no relief can find.

I've pray'd from time to time,
And yet it seems in vain;
But could I think that CHRIST was mine,
I'd pray and pray again.

But hark! what's that I hear?
It is the word of GOD;

It tells me not the least to fear,
 There's pardon in his blood.

O that I could believe
 This truth, without a doubt:
 My soul no longer then could grieve,
 But JESUS I would shout.

XXXII. *The Majesty of God.* 7s.

GLORY to the eternal King,
 Clad in majesty supreme;
 Let all heav'n, his praises sing,
 Let all worlds, his pow'r proclaim.
 Through eternity he reigns,
 In unbounded realms of light;
 He the universe sustains,
 As an atom in his sight.
 Suns on suns, through boundless space,
 With their systems, move or stand,

Or to occupy their place,
 New orbs rise—at his command.
 Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
 Nations live, and nations die;
 All forms nothing, nothing all—
 At the movement of his eye.

O, let my transported soul,
 Ever on his glories gaze;
 Ever yield to his control,
 Ever sound his lofty praise.

XXXIII. *God's kindness.* L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great REDEEMER's praise;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving-kindness, O how free!
 He saw me, ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;

He fav'd me from my loft estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth, and hell, my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my JESUS to depart;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail,

Oh! may my last expiring breath,
 His loving-kindness sing, in death.
 Then let me mount, and soar away,
 To the bright world of endless day;
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

XXXIV. *The Patience of God.* 7s.

LORD, and am I yet alive,
 Not in torments, not in hell;
 Still doth thy good spirit strive!
 With the chief of sinners dwell!
 Tell it unto sinners, tell,
 I am, I am out of hell.
 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
 Will not of thy love despair;
 Still in spite of sin arise,
 Still I bow to thee in prayer.
 Tell it, &c.

O the length and breadth of love!
 JESUS, SAVIOR, Can it be?
 All thy mercies height I prove,
 All the depth is seen in me.
 Tell it, &c.

See a bush that burns with fire,
 Unconsum'd amidst the flame!
 Turn aside the sight t' admire,
 I the living wonder am.
 Tell it, &c.

See a stone that hangs in air,
 See a spark in ocean live,
 Kept alive with death so near;
 I, to God, the glory give.
 Ever tell, to sinners tell,
 I am, I am, out of hell.

XXXV. *The Faithfulness of God.* L. M.

YE humble saints, proclaim abroad,
 The honors of a faithful God ;
 How just, and true, are all his ways,
 How much above your highest praise.

The words, his sacred lips declare,
 Of his own mind, the image bear ;
 What should him tempt, from frailty free,
 Blest in his self-sufficiency.

He will not, his great self, deny
 A God all truth, can never lie ;
 As well might he his being quit,
 As break his oath, or word forget.

Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
 Or backward hasten to their source ;
 Swift thro' the air, let rocks be hurl'd,
 And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd.

Let suns and stars forget to rise,
 Or quit their stations in the skies;
 Let heav'n and earth both pass away,
 Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

True to his word, GOD gave his son,
 To die for crimes which men had done:
 Blest pledge! he never will revoke
 A single promise he has spoke.

XXXVI. *Creating Wisdom.* C. M.

ETERNAL wisdom, thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings;
 With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heav'ns high palace rings.
 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky,
 How glorious to behold!
 Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye.
 And stain'd with sparkling gold.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
 And strike the gazing sight;
 Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
 With terror and delight.

Infinite strength, and equal skill,
 Shine thro' the worlds abroad:
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder, God.

But still the wonders of thy grace,
 Our softer passions move;
 Pity, divine, in JESU's face,
 We see, adore, and love.

XXXVII. *GOD's Goodness.* L. M.

YE sons of men, with joy record,
 The various wonders of the LORD;
 And let his pow'r and goodness sound
 Thro' all your tribes the earth around.

Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
 Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
 Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
 And stars that glow from pole to pole.

Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,
 Its herbs, and flow'rs, its fruits, and shade;
 Peopl'd with life of various forms,
 Of fish, and fowl, and beast, and worms.

View the broad sea's majestic plains,
 And think how wide its Maker reigns:
 That band, remotest nations joins,
 And on each wave his goodness shines.

But O! that brighter world above,
 Where lives, and reigns, incarnate love
 God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
 For man a bleeding victim made.

Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
 There, in the land of praise adore:
 The theme demands an angels lay;
 Demands an everlasting day.

XXXVIII. *Providence kind.* L. M.

THRO' all the various shifting scene
 Of life's mistaken ill, or good;
 Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen,
 The beautiful vicissitude.
 Thou givest with paternal care,
 Howe'er unjustly we complain;
 To each their necessary share
 Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
 Trust we to youth, or friends, or pow'r.
 Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
 When most secure, the coming hour,
 If thou see fit, may blast them all.

When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
 Fill'd with afflictions' bitter cup,
 Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
 Thy pow'rful hand can raise us up.

Thy pow'rful consolations cheer,
 Thy smiles erect th' afflicted head,
 Thy hand can wipe away the tear
 That secret wets the widow'd bed.

All things on earth, and all in heav'n,
 On thy eternal will depend;
 And all for greater good were giv'n,
 And all shall in thy glory end.

This be my care, to all beside
 Indifferent let my wishes be:

"Passion, be calm; and dumb be pride,
 "And fix, O God, my soul on thee."

XXXIX. *Law and Gospel.* L. M.

“**C**URST be the man, for ever curst,
 “ That doth one wilful sin commit ;
 “ Death, and damnation, for the first,
 “ Without relief, and infinite.”

Thus, Sinai roars ; and round the earth,
 Thunder, and Fire, and vengeance, flings ;
 But Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
 And Calvary, say gentler things.

“ Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
 “ Streaming along a SAVIOR’s blood ;
 “ And life, and joys, and crowns above,
 “ Obtain’d by an atoning GOD.”

Hark ! how he prays, (the charming sound
 Dwells on his dying lips) forgive ;
 And ev’ry groan, and gaping wound,
 Cries, “ Father, let the rebels live.”

Go, you that rest upon the law,
 And toil, and seek salvation there;
 Look to the flame that Moses saw,
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

But I'll retire beneath the cross.
 SAVIOR, at thy dear feet I'd lie;
 And the keen sword that justice draws,
 Flaming, and red, shall pass me by.

XL. *Gospel Feast.* C. M.

ON Sion, his most holy mount,
 God will a feast prepare;
 And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
 Shall in the banquet share.

Marrow, and fatness, are the food,
 His bounteous hand bestows;
 Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
 In rich abundance flows.

See to the vilest of the vile,
 A free acceptance giv'n;
 See, rebels by adopting grace,
 Sit with the heirs of heav'n.

The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
 To ease and health restor'd;
 With eager appetites partake
 The plenties of the board.

But O what draughts of bliss unknown,
 What dainties shall be giv'n,
 When, with the Myriads round the throne,
 We join the feast of heav'n.

There joys immeasurably high,
 Shall overflow the soul:
 And springs of life that never dry,
 In thousand channels roll.

XLI. *Eternal Love.* P. M.

SONS we are thro' GOD's election,
Who in JESUS CHRIST believe :
By eternal destination,

Sov'reign grace, we here receive ;

LORD, thy mercy

Does both grace and glory give.

Ev'ry fallen soul by sinning,

Merits everlasting pain :

But, thy love without beginning,

Has restor'd thy sons again ;

Countless millions,

Shall, in life, thro' JESUS reign.

Pause, my soul ! adore and wonder :

Ask " O why such love to ME ? "

Grace hath put me in the number
Of the SAVIOR'S family ;
Hallelujah,
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee.

Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease ;
Keep, O keep me, LORD, from sinning :
Guide me in the way of peace,
Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness.

When I quit this feeble mansion,
And my soul returns to thee ;
Let the pow'r of thy ascension,
Manifest itself in me ;
Thro' thy spirit,
Give the final victory.

When the angel sounds the trumpet,
 When my soul and body join :
 When my SAVIOR comes to judgment,
 Bright in majesty divine ;
 Let me triumph
 In thy righteousness as mine.

When in that blest habitation,
 Which my GOD has fore ordain'd ;
 When in glory's full possession,
 I with saints and angels stand ;
 Free grace only,
 Shall resound thro' Can'an's land.

XLII. *Finish'd Redemption.* P. M.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy,
 Sounds aloud from Calvary,

See ! it rends the rocks assunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !

It is finish'd !

Hear the dying SAVIOR cry.

It is finish'd ! O, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford ;

Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from CHRIST the LORD ;

It is finish'd !

Saints, the dying words record.

Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law :

Finish'd, all that GOD has promis'd,
Death, and hell, no more shall awe ;

It is finish'd !

Saints, from hence, your comfort draw.

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Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,

Join to sing the pleasing theme :

All on earth, and all in heav'n,

Join to praise IMMANUEL'S name ;

Hallelujah !

Endless glory to the Lamb.

XLIII. *It is Finished.* L. M.

'TIS *finish'd*, so the SAVIOR cry'd,
And meekly bow'd his head, and dy'd ;

'Tis *finish'd*——yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

'Tis *finish'd*——all that heav'n decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,

Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the SAVIOR of mankind.

'Tis *finish'd*——Aaron, now no more,
Must stain the robes with purple gore ;

The sacred veil, is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites, no more remain.

'Tis *finish'd*——this, my dying groan,
For sins of ev'ry kind atone;
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

'Tis *finish'd*——heav'n is reconcil'd,
And all the pow'rs of darkness spoil'd;
Peace, love, and happiness, again,
Return, and dwell with joyful men.

'Tis *finish'd*——let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round:

'Tis *finish'd*——let the echo fly,
Through heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky.

XLIV. *The converted Malefactor.* C. M.

AS on the cross the SAVIOR hung,
And wept, and bled, and dy'd;

He pour'd salvation on a wretch,
That languish'd at his side.

His crimes with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;

Then turn'd his dying eyes to CHRIST,
And thus his pray'r address'd:

" JESUS, thou son and heir of heav'n,

" Thou spotless lamb of God:

" I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,

" And welt'ring in thy blood.

" Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,

" In triumph thou shalt rise:

" Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,

" And shine above the skies.

" Amid the glories of that world,

" Dear SAVIOR, think on me:

“ And in the vict’ry of thy death,

“ Let me a sharer be.”

His pray’r the dying Jesus hears,

And instantly replies,

“ To-day thy parting soul shall be

“ With me in paradise.”

XLV. *The safe Ark.* L. M.

THE deluge at th’ Almighty’s call,
In what impetuous streams it fell;
Swallow’d the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

In vain the tallest sons of pride,
Fled from the close pursuing wave:
Nor could their mightiest tow’rs defend,
Nor swiftness ’scape, nor courage save.

How dire the wreck! how loud the roar,
How shrill the universal cry,

Of millions in the last despair,
Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky!

Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few;
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him thro'.

So I may sing, in JESUS safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall;
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.

Enter thine ark while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat:
Then the wide flood which buries earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.

Nor wreck, nor ruin, there is seen,
There, not a wave of trouble rolls:

But the bright rainbow round the throne,
Seals endless life to all their souls.

XLVI. *Daily Strength.* L. M.

AFFLICTED faint, to CHRIST draw near
Thy SAVIOR's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word, declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

Let not thy heart despond, and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days thy strength, shall be.

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long:
Thy LORD will make the tempter flee,
For as thy days thy strength, shall be.

Should persecution, rage, and flame
Still trust in thy REDEEMER's name;

In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore afflictions, pain, or loss;
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.

When ghastly death appears in view,
CHRIST'S presence shall thy fears subdue
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

XLVII. *The Cross.* C. M.

YONDER—amazing sight!--I see!
Th' incarnate son of God!
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.
Behold a purple torrent run,
Down from his hands, and head;

The crimson tide puts out the sun,
His groans awake the dead.

The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud :
And with th' amaz'd Centurion cry,
" This is the Son of God."

So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hope revive ;
If God's own son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner, sure may live.

O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, LORD, to thee ;
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine,
Thine, it shall ever be.

XLVIII. *Forerunner, and Anchor of Hope.* L.M.

JESUS, the LORD, our souls adore
A painful sufferer now no more ;

High on his father's throne he reigns,
O'er earth, and heav'n's extensive plains.

His race for ever is complete,
For ever undisturb'd, his seat;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well gain'd victory.

Yet, 'midst the honors of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone;
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal, tender heart.

Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd fight,
With sacred wonder, and delight;
Jesus, thy own forerunner see,
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.

Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell; G 3

No shipwreck needs my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor there.

XLIX. *JESUS precious.* C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust:
Jewels, to thee, are gawdy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;

The noblest balms of all its wounds,
The cordial of its cure.

I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath :
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

L. *Melchizedec.* 7s.

KING of Salem, blest my soul!
Make a wounded sinner whole!
King of righteousness, and peace,
Let not thy sweet visits cease.

Come, refresh this soul of mine,
With thy sacred bread and wine ;
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which cannot be told.

Hail ! Melchizedec divine !
Thou, great High Priest, shalt be mine ;

All my pow'rs before thee fall,
Take not tithe, but take them all!

LI. *A propitious Gale.* L. M.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, sweet Spirit come;
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.
Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail,
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.

LII. *After a farewell Sermon.* C. M.

WHEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day:
But JESUS made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.
In heav'n they met again with joy,
Secure no more to part;

Where praises ev'ry tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.

Thus all the preachers of his grace,
Their children soon shall meet,
Together see their SAVIOR's face,
And worship at his feet.

But they who hear the word in vain,
Tho' oft and plainly warn'd:
Will tremble, when they meet again
The ministers they scorn'd.

On your own heads your blood will fall,
If any perish here ;
The preachers who have told you all,
Shall stand approv'd and clear.

Yet, LORD, to save themselves alone
Is not their utmost view :

O, hear their pray'r, thy message own,
And save their hearers too.

LIII. *Hinder me not.* C. M.

WHEN Abram's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went;
He met Rebecca—told his wish—
Her parents gave consent.
Yet for ten days they urg'd the man,
His journey to delay:
Hinder me not, he quick reply'd,
Since GOD hath crown'd my way.
'Twas thus, I cry'd, when CHRIST, the LORD,
My soul to him did wed:
Hinder me not, nor friends, nor foes,
Since GOD my way hath sped.
Stay, says the world, and taste awhile,
My ev'ry pleasant sweet:

Hinder me not, my soul replies,
Because the way is great.

Stay, Satan, my old master cries,
Or force shall thee detain;
Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God has broke the chain.

In all my LORD's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue:
Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

Thro' floods, and flames, if JESUS lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.

Thro' duty and thro' trials too,
I'll go at his command:

Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my IMMANUEL'S land.

And when my SAVIOR calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be:

Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

LIV. *Not ashamed of CHRIST.* L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee:
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

Ashamed of JESUS! sooner far,
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of JESUS! just as soon,
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;

'Tis midnight with my soul, till he
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Asham'd of JESUS! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend:
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Asham'd of JESUS! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save——

'Till then; nor is my boasting vain,
'Till then, I boast a SAVIOR slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That CHRIST is not ashamed of me.

LV. *The triumphs of the Cross.* L. M.

NO more, dear SAVIOR, will I boast,
Of beauty, health, or loud applause:

The world hath all its glories lost,
Amid the triumphs of thy cros.

In ev'ry feature of thy face,
Beauty her fairest charms displays,
Truth, wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Shine thence in sweetly mingl'd rays.

Thy wealth, the pow'r of thought transcends,
'Tis vast, immense, and all divine;
Thy empire, LORD, o'er worlds extends,
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.

Yet O, how marvellous the sight,
I see thee on a cross expire;
Thy God-head veil'd in sable night,
And angels from the scene retire.

But why from these sad scenes retreat?
Why with your wings your faces hide?

He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,
As when he bow'd his head and dy'd.

The indignation of a God,
On him avenging justice hurl'd;
Beneath the weight he firmly stood,
And nobly sav'd a falling world.

These triumphs of stupendous grace,
Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart :
LORD, at thy cross I'd stand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart.

LVI. JESUS *wept.* L. M.

SO fair a face bedew'd with tears,
What beauty, e'en in grief appears:
He wept---he bled---he dy'd for you:
What more ! ye faints, could JESUS do?
Enthron'd above with equal glow,
His warm affections downward flow ;

In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.

Still his compassions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame;
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
Shares in our sorrows and our pains.

LVII. *On Infants Death.* C. M.

THY life, I read, my dearest LORD,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in ev'ry word,
Thy love in ev'ry line.

Methinks I see a thousand charms,
Spread o'er thy lovely face;
While infants in thy tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.

"I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;

Protection they shall find for me,
In me be ever blest.

Death, may the bands of life set loose,
But can't dissolve my love ;
Millions of infant souls compose,
The family above.

Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
And moul'd with heav'nly skill ;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.

His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine ;
Dear SAVIOR, all we have and are,
Shall be for ever thine.

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LVIII. *Expostulation.* L. M.

SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
 Why in such dreadful haste to die?
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
 Heedless against thy God to fly.
 Wilt thou despise eternal fate?
 Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams;
 Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
 And force thy passage to the flames.
 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
 Behold! the God of love unfold,
 The glories of his dying pains,
 For ever telling, yet untold.

LIX. *The Song of Angels.* C. M.

EARTH has engag'd my love too long,
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes,

Upward, dear Father, to thy Throne,
And to my native skies.

There the blest man my SAVIOR sits,
The GOD ! how bright he shines ;
And scatters infinite delights,
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around :
And move, and charm, the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.

JESUS, the LORD, their harpsemploy,
JESUS, my love, they sing :
JESUS, the life of both our days,
Sound sweet from ev'ry string.

Hark ! how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time, and space, they run :

And echo in majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the son.

And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring the Father's equal down,
To dwell in humble clay.

O, sacred beauties of the man,
The God resides within;
His flesh, all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

But when to Calvary they turn,
Silent, their harps abide;
Suspend their songs, a moment mourn,
The God that lov'd, and dy'd.

Then all at once, to living strains,
They summon ev'ry chord;

Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising LORD;

Now let me mount, and join the song,
And be an angel too;

My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;

O for some heav'nly notes, to bear
My passions to the skies.

There, ye that love the SAVIOR, fit,

There I would fain have place:

Among your thrones, or at your feet,

So I might see his face.

LX. *Come, LORD JESUS.* C. M. D.

I Sojourn in a vale of tears,
 Alas ! how can I sing ?
 My harp doth on the willows hang,
 Untun'd in ev'ry string.
 My music is a captive's chains,
 Harsh sounds my ears do fill :
 How shall I sing sweet Sion's song,
 On this side Sion's hill.
 Yet lo ! I hear a joyful sound,
 Surely I quickly come ;
 Each word much sweetness doth distil,
 Like a full honey-comb ;
 And thou dost come, my dearest LORD,
 And dost thou surely come ?
 And dost thou surely quickly come ?
 Methinks I am at home.

Come then, my dearest, dearest LORD,
 My sweetest, surest, friend;
 Come, for I loath these Kedar tents,
 Thy fiery chariots send.
 Can'an I view, from Pisgah's top,
 Of Can'an's grapes I taste;
 My LORD, who sends unto me here,
 Will send for me at last.

LXI. *The Believer's Death.* L. M.

MAN's life, a sigh, a groan, a cry,
 Looks up, and then begins to die;
 Death steals upon us while we're green,
 Behind us, digs a grave unseen.

But oh! how free a mercy's this,
 That death's a portal into bliss;
 While yet the body's scarce undrest,
 The soul is fled into its rest.

My soul, death swallows up thy fears,
Thy grave cloaths dry up all thy tears;
Why should we fear this parting pain?
Who die, that we may live again.

My soul, my body, I will trust
With him who numbers ev'ry dust;
My SAVIOR faithfully will keep
His own, for death is but asleep,

LXII. *Invitation.* L. M.

COME then, ye sinners, to your LORD,
In CHRIST, to paradise restor'd;
His sov'reign benefits embrace,
The plentitude of gospel grace.

A pardon, written with his blood,
The favor, and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence.

The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart,
The tears that tell your sins forgiv'n,
The sighs that waft your souls to heav'n.

The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
Th' unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek, humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me!"

Th' o'erwhelming pow'r of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heav'n of love.

LXIII. *Improvement of Time.* P. M.

COME, let us anew, our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, 'till the master appear!

His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away;
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone,
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

O that each, in the day of his coming, may say,
 I have fought my way thro',
 I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.
 O that each, from his LORD, may receive the glad
 "Well and faithfully done!" [word,
 "Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."]

LXIV. *A Prospect of the Believer's Death.* P.M.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below :

Go, by angel-guards attended,

To the sight of JESUS, go :

Waiting to receive thy Spirit,

Lo ! the SAVIOR stands above,

Shews the purchase of his merit,

Reaches out the crown of love.

Struggle through thy latest passion,

To thy dear REDEEMER's breast,

To his uttermost salvation,

To his everlasting rest.

For the joy he sets before thee,

Bear a momentary pain ;

Die, to live a life of glory,

Suffer, with thy LORD to reign.

LXV. *A Prospect of Heaven.* L. M. D.

I LONG to behold him array'd
 With glory and light from above;
 The King in his beauty display'd,
 His beauty of holiest love:
 I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where JESUS hath fixt his abode;
 O when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God.
 With him, I on Sion shall stand,
 (For JESUS hath spoken the word,)
 The breadth of IMMANUEL's land,
 Survey by the light of my LORD:
 But, when on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

How happy the people, that dwell
 Secure in the city above !
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove :
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give :
 And then, from the body set free,
 To Zion my spirit receive.

LXVI. *Holy Desire.* P. M.

COME, LORD, from above,
 The mountains remove ;
 Overturn all that hinders the course of thy love.
 My bosom inspire,
 Inkindle the fire ;
 And wrap my whole heart in the flames of desire.

I languish and pine,
 For the comfort divine,
 O when shall I say, my beloved is mine?
 I have chose the good part,
 My portion thou art,
 O love, I have found thee the joy of my heart.

For this my heart sighs,
 Nothing else can suffice;
 How, LORD, can I purchase the pearl of great
 It cannot be bought, [price?
 And thou knowest I have nought,
 Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

But I hear a voice say,
 Without money, ye may
 Receive it, whoever hath nothing to pay.

Who on JESUS relies,
 Without money or price;
 The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.

The blessing is free :
 So, LORD, let it be,
 I yield that thy love should be given to me.
 I freely receive
 What thou freely dost give,
 And consent in thy love, in thine Eden to live.

The gift I embrace;
 The giver I praise,
 And ascribe my salvation to JESUS's grace :
 It came from above,
 The foretaste I prove,
 And I soon shall receive all thy fulness of love.

LXVII. *A Reflection on old Times.* P. M.

HOW happy are they
 Who the SAVIOR obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above!
 Tongue cannot express
 The sweet comfort and peace,
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

That comfort was mine,
 When the favor divine
 I first found in the blood of the LAMB,
 When I on him believ'd,
 What a joy I receiv'd;
 What a heaven in JESUS's name!

Oh! the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!

Of my SAVIOR possess,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of GOD.

LXVIII. *Exhortation to praise.* L. M.

YOUR lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout, for joy, the SAVIOR's name.

In ev'ry land begin the song,
To ev'ry land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds your voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

LXIX. *At parting.* P. M.

WE feel that our love
And treasure's above,
Though our bodies continue below:

As redeem'd of the LORD,
We rejoice in his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

There, there, at his feet,
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more !
We shall sing to our lyres
With the heavenly choirs,
And our SAVIOR in glory adore.

Hallelujah ! we sing,
To our Father, and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat ;
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah ! again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

In assurance of hope,
 We to JESUS look up,
 Till his banner unfurl'd in the air;
 From our graves we do see,
 And cry out, "It is he?"
 And fly up to acknowledge him there.

LXX. *Heaven in View.* P. M.

DIVINE is our birth,
 Tho' we wander on earth,
 This is not our place:
 But strangers, and pilgrims, ourselves we confess
 We march hand in hand
 To IMMANUEL's land:
 No matter what cheer
 We meet with on earth, for eternity's near

The rougher our way,
 The shorter our stay :
 The tempests that rise,
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies ;
 The fiercer the blast,
 The sooner 'tis past :
 The troubles that come,
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

LXXI. *The Joys above.* P. M.

WHAT a rapturous song,
 When the glorify'd throng,
 In the spirit of harmony join ?
 Join all the glad choirs,
 Hearts, voices, and lyres,
 And the burden be mercy divine.

“ Hallelujah ! ” they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM ;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah ! to God, and the Lamb.

LXXII. *Funeral.* P. M.

HOSANNA to JESUS on high,
Another is enter'd his rest :
Another is 'scap'd to the sky,
And lodg'd in IMMANUEL'S breast.
The soul of our sister is gone.
To heighten the triumph above :
Exalted to JESUS'S throne,
And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

How happy the angels that fall,
Transported at JESUS'S name !

The faints, whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!
 No longer imprison'd in clay:
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
 Who first shall be summon'd away?
 My merciful God, "Is it I?"

O JESUS, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy council of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart;
 O give me a signal to know,
 If soon thou would'st have me remove:
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love.

LXXIII. *The Sinner's last hour.* C. M.

MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
 Damnation, and the dead;

What horrors seize the guilty soul,
Upon a dying bed !

Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay ;
Till like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then swift, and dreadful, she descends,
Down to the fiery coast ;
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself, a frighted ghost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains :
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Not all their anguish, and their blood,
For their own guilt atones ;

Nor the compassion of a God,
Shall hearken to their groans.

Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove;
Till I had learn'd my SAVIOR's death,
And well incur'd his love.

LXXIV. *Day of Judgment.* P. M.

OH! when my righteous judge shall come,
To fetch his ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,
So sinful, and unfit to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

I love to meet among them now,
Before JEHOVAH's feet to bow,
Though viler than them all:

But who can bear the piercing thought?
What, if my name should be left out,
When he for me shall call.

Dear LORD, prevent it by thy grace:
Oh! let me see thy smiling face,
In this propitious day:
Thy pard'ning voice, oh! let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear.
Nor let me fall away.

Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' Archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face:
Then loudest of the croud I'll sing,
Till heav'n's resounding mansions ring,
The riches of thy grace.

LXXV. *Children dedicated to God.* C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stands,
 With all engaging charms;
 Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

Permit them to approach, (he cries)
 Nor scorn their humble name :
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The LORD of angels came.

We bring them, LORD, by fervent pray'r,
 And yield them up to thee ;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine, let our offspring be

Ye little flock, with pleasur ar,
 Ye children seek his face ;
 And fly with transport to receive
 The blessings of his grace.

If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust;
 That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
 When we descend to dust.

LXXVI. *The safe Anchor.* C. M.

IN ev'ry trouble, sharp and strong,
 My soul to JESUS flies;
 My anchor hold, is firm in him,
 When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear my spirits up,
 I trust a faithful GOD;
 The sure foundation of my hope,
 Is in a SAVIOR'S blood.

Loud Hallelujah! sing my soul.
 To thy REDEEMER'S name;
 In joy, in sorrow, life, and death,
 His love is still the same.

LXXVII. *Farewell to the World.* C.M.

YE golden lamps of heav'n farewell,
 With all your feeble light :
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale emprefs of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames array'd,
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode ;
 The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
 Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light,
 Shall there his beams display ;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix,
 With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief,
 Shall swell into mine eyes;
 Nor the meridian sun decline,
 Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints,
 Shall in one song unite;
 And each the bliss of all shall view,
 With infinite delight.

LXXVIII. *The eternal Sabbath.* L. M.

LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
 On this thy day, in this thy house:
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs, which from the desert rise.
 Thine earthly sabbaths, LORD, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress;
 Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
 No groans to mingle with the songs,
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O, long-expected day, begin;
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death, to rest with God.

LXXIX. *Invitation*, Isa. lv. 1. P. M.

COME, ye finners, poor, and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick, and sore!
 Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of pity join'd with pow'r:

He is able,

He is willing, doubt no more!

Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome;

God's free bounty glorify:

True belief, and true repentance,

Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh:

Without money,

Come to JESUS CHRIST, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,

Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness he requireth,

Is to feel your need of him:

This he gives you;

'Tis his spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost, and ruin'd, by the fall!
 If you tarry 'till your better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous:
 Sinners, JESUS came to call.

- View him, prostrate in the garden;
 On the ground your Maker lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 " It is finish'd."

Sinners! will not this suffice?
 Lo! th' incarnate GOD, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood:
 Venture on him, venture wholly,

Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but JESUS
 Can do helpless finners good.
 Saints, and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blisful heights of heaven,
 Sweetly echo with his name.
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners, here, may sing the fame.

LXXX. *The Son of Righteousness.* P. M.

LIGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling,
 Border on the shades of death ;
 Come, and by thy love's revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath ;
 The new heaven and earth's creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise :

K

Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

Still we wait for thy appearing:
Life, and joy, thy beams impart;
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Ev'ry poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransom'd race;
Come, sweet ADVOCATE, and SAVIOR,
Come, and bring thy gospel-grace.

Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thy all-sufficient merit,
Ev'ry burden'd soul release.

By the shirings of thy spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

LXXXI. *At the Opening of Worship.* C. M.

NOW may the spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above :

His waiting family inspire,
With joy, and peace, and love !

Thee, we, the comforter confess ;
Unless thou'rt present here,
Our songs of praise are vain address,
And lifeless is our pray'r.

Wake, heav'nly winds, arise, and come,
Blow on the drooping field :
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

Touch with a living coal, the lip
That shall proclaim thy word,

K 2.

And bid each hearer gladly keep
Attention to the LORD.

Hasten the restitution day,
Which now corruption shrouds;
New heavens, and new earth display,
With JESUS in the clouds.

LXXXII. *The Glory of CHRIST in Heaven.* C.M.D.

O The delight, the heav'nly joy,
The glories of the place;
Where JESUS sheds the brightest beams,
Of his o'erflowing grace!
Sweet majesty and awful love,
Sit smiling on his brow;
While all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow,
Princes to his imperial name,
Bend their bright scepters down;

Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs, rejoice

To see him wear the crown :

Hosanna to our conqu'ring king !

All hail ! incarnate love !

Ten thousand, thousand, glories wait,

To crown thy head above.

Bright angels sound thy lofty praise,

Through ev'ry heav'nly street ;

And lay their highest honors down,

Submissive, at thy feet :

Those soft, those blessed feet of his,

Which once rude iron tore ;

High on a throne of light they stand,

While all the saints adore.

His head, the dear majestic head,

Which cruel thorns did wound ;

See, what immortal glories shine,
 And circle it around !
 This is th' eternal Son of God,
 Whom we, unseen, adore :
 But when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain,
 For ever on thy head.
 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
 Hast set the pris'ners free ;
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

LXXXIII. *The promis'd Land.* C. M.

ON Jordan's bleak, cold banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye,

To Can'an's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
Those rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day:
There God, the Son, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:

Sickness, and sorrow, pain, and death,
Are felt, and fear'd, no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?

When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

LXXXIV. *A prayer, Living and Dying.* 7s.

ROCK of ages! shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water, and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin, the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt, and pow'r.

Not the labors of my hands,
Can fulfil thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow ;
All my sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hands I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling :
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless look to thee for grace :
Foul, I to the fountain fly :
Wash me, SAVIOR, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne :

Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

LXXXV. *At the opening of Worship.* C. M.

COME, holy spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs ;
In vain we strive to rise :
Hosanna's language on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear LORD, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate :

Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great.

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs:
Come shed abroad a SAVIOR's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

LXXXVI. *Longing to go Home.* 8s.

A WAY with our sorrow and fear!
Believers will soon be at home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come!
From earth we shall quickly remove,
Fly up to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

Not all the arch-angels can tell,
 The joys of that holiest place ;
 Where JESUS is pleas'd to reveal
 The light of his heavenly face :
 Where, caught in the rapturous flame,
 The sight beatific they prove ;
 And walk in the light of the Lamb,
 And bask in the beams of his love.

In loud hallelujah's they sing,
 And harmony echos his praise !
 When lo ! the celestial King
 Pours out the full light of his face :
 The joys neither angels or saints
 Can bear, so ineffably great ;
 For see ! the whole company faints ;
 And heaven is found at his feet !

Who then upon earth can conceive
The blifs that in heaven they share ?
And who this dark world would not leave,
And cheerfully die to be there ?
Where CHRIST is our light and our sun,
And we, by reflection shall shine :
With him everlastingly One,
And bright in effulgence divine !
'Tis good, at thy word, to be here ;
'Tis better in thee to be gone ;
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share of thy throne :
The tears shall be wip'd from our eyes,
When thee we behold on the cloud ;
And echo the joys in the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.

LXXXVII. *The Signs of the Times.* P. M.

LIFT your heads, ye friends of JESUS,
 Partners in his patience here;
 CHRIST, to all believers precious,
 LORD of lords, shall soon appear:
 Mark the tokens
 Of his heav'nly kingdom near!
 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
 Nature's swift approaching doom!
 War, and pestilence, and famine,
 Signify the wrath to come:
 Cleaves the centre!
 Nations rush into the tomb!
 Close behind the tribulation,
 Of these last tremendous days,
 See the flaming revelation,

See the universal blaze!
 Earth and heaven,
 Melt before the Judge's face.

Sun, and moon, are both confounded,
 Darken'd into endless night,
 When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
 In his Father's glory bright,
 Beams the SAVIOR:
 Shines the everlasting light.

See the stars, from heaven, falling;
 Hark! on earth, the doleful cry;
 Men, on rocks, and mountains, calling,
 While the frowning Judge draws nigh:
 Hide us, hide us,
 Rocks, and mountains, from his eye!

With what bitter exclamation,
 Shall his foes his banner see !
 By the symbols of his passion,
 By the marks receiv'd for me,
 All discern him,
 All, with shouts, cry out, "'Tis He !"

Lo ! 'tis he, our hearts desire,
 Come for his espous'd below ;
 Come to join us with his choir,
 Come to make our joys o'erflow ;
 Palms of triumph,
 Crowns of glory to bestow.

Yes, the prize shall then be giv'n ;
 We his open face shall see :
 Love, the earnest of our heaven,

Love, our full reward shall be :
 Love shall crown us,
 King's to all eternity !

LXXXVIII. *God's Faithfulness.* C. M.

BEGIN my tongue some heav'nly theme
 And speak some boundless thing ;
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound his pow'r abroad ;
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.

Proclaim salvation from the LORD,
 For wretched dying men :
 His hand hath writ the sacred word,
 With an immortal pen.

Engrav'd, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

His ev'ry word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies:
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises,

LORD, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue.
But whisper thou art mine!
Those gracious words should raise my song,
To notes almost divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n secure!
Give me to hear thy peaceful voice,
And faith desires no more.

LXXXIX. *The sure Foundation.* C. M.

CHRIST is the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Sion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

Chosen of God to sinners dear,
And saints adore his name;
They rest their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

The scribe, the pharisee, and priest,
Reject him with disdain:
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

XC. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.* S. M.

COME, ye that love the LORD,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in his praise with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
 The sorrows of the mind,
 Be banish'd from this place;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasures less.
 Let those refuse to sing,
 That never knew our God;
 But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
 Should speak their joys abroad.
 With all the saints above,
 And angels round the throne,
 We shall, in heav'n, adore and love
 The sacred Three in One.

There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasure in.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

The men of grace have found,
Glory began below ;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith, and hope may grow.

The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry :
We're marching thro' IMMANUEL's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

XCI. *Circumcision and Baptism.* C. M.

"**D**EVOTE your infant race to me,"
The GOD of Abr'ham said :
Sharp was the circumcising knife,
Yet Abr'ham's faith obey'd.

Thro' grace, the promise he believ'd,
And gave his son to GOD :
But water seals the blessing now,
Which then was seal'd with blood.

Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house
When she believ'd the word :
Thus the converted jailor gave
His household to the LORD.

Thus later saints, eternal King,
 Thy ancient truths embrace:
 To thee, their infant offspring bring,
 And humbly claim thy grace.

XCII. *The Request.* C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace
 Let this petition rise.

" Give me a calm, a thankful heart,

" From ev'ry murmur free :

" The blessing of thy grace impart,

" And make me live to thee.

" Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,

" My life, and death, attend ;

" Thy presence thro' my journey shine,

" And crown my journey's end."

XCIH. *Waiting on the* LORD. C.M.

HOW sweet and awful is this place,
 With **CHRIST** within the doors:
 While everlasting love displays,
 The choicest of her stores.

Here ev'ry bowel of our God
 With soft compassion rolls;
 And pardon bought by **JESUS'** blood,
 Is food for dying souls.

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne:
 There's not a gift his hand bestows,
 But cost his heart a groan.

To **JESUS**, let us raise our song,
 Who spreads for us a feast;
 And each cry out, with thankful tongue,
 LORD, why am I a guest.

Why am I made to hear thy voice,
 And enter while there's room :
 While thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come?

'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 Which sweetly forc'd us in :
 Else, we had still refus'd the call,
 And perish'd in our sins.

Pity, the nations, O our God,
 Compel the world to come ;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.

We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May, with one heart, and voice, and soul.
 Sing thy redeeming grace.

XCIV. *The Heavens declare the Glory of God.* L.M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue etherial sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, the shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display ;
 And publishes to ev'ry land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale :
 And nightly to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though, nor real voice nor sound,
 Amid their radiant orbs be found.

In reason's ear, they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

XCV. *Hosanna to CHRIST.* C.M.

HOSANNA, to the Royal Son
 Of David's ancient line!
 His nature Two, his person One,
 Mysterious, and divine.

The root of David, here, we find,
 And offspring, are the same,
 Eternity, and time, are join'd
 In our IMMANUEL's name,

Blest he that comes to wretched man,
 With peaceful news from heav'n !
 Hosanna's of the highest strain,
 To CHRIST, the LORD be giv'n.

Should we, dear LORD, refuse to take,
 Hosannas on our tongue,
 The rocks, and stones, would rise, and break
 Their silence into songs.

XCVI. *Divine Providence.* S. M.

A WAY, my needless fears,
 And doubts, no longer mine ;
 A ray of heav'nly light appears,
 A messenger divine.

Thrice comfortable hope,
 That calms my stormy breast ;
 My Father's hand prepares the cup,
 And what he will is best.

To him, again, I turn,
 And shelter in his breast ;
 His will (let me rejoice or mourn)
 His will is surely best.

His skill infallible,
 His providential grace :
 His pow'r, and truth, that never fail,
 Shall order all my ways.

The fictitious pow'rs of *chance*,
 And *fortune*, I defy ;
 My life's *minuteſt* *circumſtance*,
 Is ſubject to his eye.

He hears the ravens call,
 Nor can his children grieve :
 Nor can a worthleſs ſparrow fall,
 Without my Father's leave.

O, might I doubt no more;
 But in his pleasure rest;
 Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and pow'r,
 Engage to make me blest.
 T' accomplish his design,
 The creature's all agree;
 And every attribute divine,
 Is now at work for me.

XCVII. *Praise to CHRIST, C. M.*

HOSANNA, to our conqu'ring king!
 All hail! incarnate love!
 Ten thousand, thousand, glories wait,
 To crown thy head above.
 Thy vict'ries, and thy deathless fame,
 Through the wide world shall run;
 And everlasting ages sing,
 The triumphs thou hast won.

XCVIII. God's *Dominion, and Decrees.* C. M.

KEEP silence, all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod !
 My soul stands trembling, while she sings
 The honors of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
 Hang on his firm decree :
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to be.

Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men :
 With ev'ry angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his counsels shine ;
 Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
 Fulfils some deep design.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
 Nor God the reason gives :
 Nor dare the first-born seraphs pry
 Between the folded leaves.

My God, I would not long to see
 My fate, with curious eyes ;
 Known to thyself is thy decree,
 Almighty, and all wise !

With anxious care, let others press,
 To read their worldly fate ;
 I only for assurance wish,
 Of my celestial state.

In thy fair book of life, and grace,
 O may I see my name ;
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my LORD, the Lamb.

XCIX. *Children brought to* CHRIST. C. M.

BEHOLD, what condescending love,
JESUS on earth displays!

To babes, and sucklings, he extends
The riches of his grace.

He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefather's giv'n:

Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

Let none forbid the new-born race,

To come to CHRIST the Lamb;
They shall be blest'd in his embrace,
And glory in his name.

In faith, may we his voice obey,
And give him all he grants:

M

O, heav'nly dove, bedew this day,
Our little infant-plants.

Kindly receive this tender branch,
And form his soul for GOD ;
Baptise him with thy Spirit, LORD,
And wash him in thy blood.

Thus, to the parents and their seed,
Let thy salvation come :
And num'rous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

C. JEHOVAH's *Glory*. C. M.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand thro' the skies.
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r ;
Their motions speak thy will :

And on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience still.

But when we view thy great design,
To save rebellious worms :
Where vengeance, and compassion shine,
In their divinest forms,

Our thoughts are lost in joyful awe,
We love, and we adore !
The first arch-angel, never saw
So much of GOD before.

There the whole deity is known,
Nor dare a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones ;

O, the sweet myſt'ries of his croſs!
The triumph of his groans!

Now the full glories of the Lamb,
Adorn the heav'nly plains:
Pleas'd cherubs learn IMMANUEL's name,
And try their choicest ſtrains.

O may I bear ſome humble part,
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder, and joy, ſhall tune my heart;
And love command my tongue.

CI. *The Shadow of the Croſs.* L. M.

BENEATH the ſhadow of a tree,
Well known, of old, on Calvary:
O may I fit ſerene, and bleſt,
While ſweet compoſure fills my breaſt.
No diſcontent, or anxious care,
Dare interrupt, or vex me here:

But if I once forsake the shade,
A troop of ills, my breast invade.

Under the cross this gift is found,
This spot alone, is holy ground ;
Here may my wand'ring soul abide,
Still gazing on my SAVIOR's side.

May I survey th' incarnate GOD,
Who kindly took the sinner's load :
The treasures of his grace admire,
Scan them distinct, and never tire.

How sweet his fruit is to my taste,
Love, love eternal, the repast ;
LORD, couldst thou love, and couldst thou die,
For such a sinful worm as I ?

Let me the silent post possess,
Let me enjoy my sweet recess ;

Others may snatch what they admire,
My soul hath all she can desire.

CII. *The Resurrection.* 75.

CHRIST, the **LORD**, is ris'n to day,
Sons of men, and angels say!
Raise your joys, and triumphs, high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply,

Heav'n's atoning work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
CHRIST has burst the gates of hell;
Death, in vain, forbids his rise,
CHRIST hath open'd paradise.

Lives again, our glorious king,
Where, O death, is now thy sting?

Once he dy'd our souls to save,
Where's thy vict'ry, gloomy grave?

Soar, we now where CHRIST has led,
Following our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall;
Second life we now receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

Hail! the LORD of earth and heav'n,
Praise to thee, by both be giv'n.
Thee, we greet, triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection, thou!

King of glory! soul of blifs,
Everlasting life is this:

Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

CIII. *Resurrection.* P. M.

JESUS, our King,
Thy glory we sing,
Thy rising declare,
And join in the pomp, and the benefit share.
Thy conquest we feel,
O'er death, and o'er hell;
Redeem'd from the grave,
We are bold to proclaim thee, Almighty to save.
Thou hast conquer'd beneath
The sharpness of death:
Our souls to retrieve,
And open'd the kingdom to all that believe.
Believing on thee,
From sin's yoke set free,

We heavenward move,
And fly to thy throne, on the wings of thy love.

The love that o'ercame
Our sorrow and shame,
And ransom'd our race,
Hath sent thee to God, to prepare us a place.

Follow after, it cries,
To your place in the skies;
By IMMANUEL led,
Follow after, and suffer, and reign with your head.

CIV. *Ascension.* P. M.

HOSANNA, to the prince of light,
That cloath'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of hell,
And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our IMMANUEL rose;

He took the tyrants sting away,
 And spoil'd our hellish foes,
 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies;
 With scars of honor in his flesh,
 And triumph in his eyes.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach his blest abode;
 Sweet be the accent of our songs,
 To our incarnate GOD.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise;
 Let heav'n, and all created things,
 Sound our IMMANUEL's praise.

CV. *Our Great High Priest.* C. M,

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
 A thousand glories more;

Than the rich gems, and polish'd gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

They first their own burnt off'rings brought.
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own.
Aaron, within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

But CHRIST, by his own pow'rful blood,
Ascends above the skies;
And in the presence of our God,
Shews his own sacrifice.

JESUS, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's holy hill.

Looks like a lamb, that once was slain,
And wears his Priest-hood still.

He ever lives, to intercede,
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

CVI. EMMANUEL'S *Glory*. L. M.

COME, worship at EMMANUEL'S feet,
See, in his face, what wonders meet:
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
Is he our head? each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'r he gives:
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit and his love.
Is he a vine? his heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life, and fruit:

O let a lasting union join
My soul, the branch, to CHRIST the vine.

Is he compar'd to wine, or bread?
Dear LORD, my soul would thus be fed:
That flesh, that precious blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.

Is he a rock? how firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
But the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

Is he a sun? his beams are grace.
The course he runs is joy and peace;
What healing in his wings appears,
To chase our clouds, and dry our tears!

When shall I climb those higher skies,
Where storms and tempests never rise!

Where he unveils his lovely face,
And shines, and reigns, the God of grace!
Not earth, nor air, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears:
His beauties we can never trace,
'Till we behold him face to face.

CVII. *They desired a better Country.* P. M.

O Tell me no more,
Of this world's vain store;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.
A country I've found,
Where true joys abound;
To dwell, I'm determin'd, on that happy ground.
The souls that believe,
In paradise live:
And me, in that number, will JESUS receive.

My soul don't delay,
He calls thee away :
Rise, follow thy SAVIOR, and blefs the glad day.

CVIII. *The Believer's Joy.* L. M.

O Happy day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my SAVIOR, and my GOD !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals our vows,
To him who merits all our love ;
Let grateful praises fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine we move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
I am the LORD's, and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd, I confess'd the voice divine.

Now rest my long divided heart,
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
 With ashes, who would grudge to part,
 When call'd, on angels bread, to feast.
 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
 'Till in life's latest hour we bow,
 And bless, in death, a bond so dear.

CIX. *The Christian's Safety.* C. M.

FIRM as the earth, thy gospel stands,
 My LORD, my hope, my trust;
 If I am found in JESUS' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honor is engag'd to save,
 The meanest of his sheep:
 All that his heav'nly Father gave,
 His hands securely keep.

Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
 His fav'rites from his breast;
 In the dear bosom of his love,
 They must for ever rest.

CX. *The best Resource.* L. M.

ALTHO' the fig-tree shall not bear,
 Nor fruit upon the vine appear:
 The labour of the olive fail,
 Nor verdant pasture clothe the vale.
 Tho' bleating flocks should perish all,
 Nor fatten'd herds should fill the stall;
 And tho' this dismal sight and sound,
 Spread want and famine all around.

Yet in my God, will I rejoice,
 With thankful heart, with cheerful voice;

N

His praise, shall all my pow'rs employ,
And his salvation be my joy.

CXI. *The Power of Faith.* C. M.

MORE piercing than the eagle's sight,
Faith views the world unknown:
Surveys the glorious realms of light,
And JESUS on the throne.

It hears the mighty voice of GOD,
And ponders what he saith;
His word, and works, his gift, and rod,
Have each a voice to saith.

It feels the touch of heav'nly pow'r,
And from that boundless source,
Receives fresh vigor ev'ry hour,
To run its daily course.

The truth, and goodness of the LORD,
Are suited to its taste,

Mean is the worldling's pamper'd board,
To faith's perpetual feast.

It smells, the dear REDEEMER's name,
Like ointment poured forth;
Faith only knows, or can proclaim,
Its favor, or its worth.

Ere saving faith possess the mind,
In vain, of sense we boast;
Till then, we're senseless, tasteless, blind,
And deaf, and dead, and lost.

CXII. *Faith.* C. M.

FAITH is the brightest evidence,
Of things beyond our sight:
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh, and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

It sets time past, in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,

Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

By faith, we know, the worlds were made,
By GOD's Almighty word;
Abra'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the LORD.

He fought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands:
And faith assures us, tho' we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

CXIII. *Sacrament.* 104th.

IN JESUS we live,
In JESUS we rest,
And thankful receive
His dying bequest;
The cup of salvation
His mercy bestows.

And all from his passion
Our happiness flows.

With mystical wine
He comforts us here,
And gladly we join
Till JESUS appear,
With hearty thanksgiving
His death to record,
The living, the living,
Should sing of their LORD.

He hallow'd the cup,
Which now we receive,
The pledge of our hope,
With JESUS to live,
(Where sorrow, and sadness,
Shall never be found)

With glory, and gladness,
Eternally crown'd.

The fruit of the vine,
(The joy it implies)
Again we shall join
To drink in the skies,
Exult in his favor,
Our triumph renew,
"And I," saith the SAVIOR,
"Will drink it with you."

CXIV. *The true Hope.* P. M.

IN this world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow,
Hope, that can exclude despair;
Thee, triumphant God, and SAVIOR,
In the glass of faith we see;

O, assist each faint endeavour,
 Raise our earth-born souls to thee.

Place that awful scene before us,
 Of the last tremendous day,
 When to life thou shalt restore us,
 Ling'ring ages haste away ;
 When this vile, and sinful nature,
 Incorruption shall put on,
 Life-renewing, glorious SAVIOR,
 Let thy gracious will be done.

CXV. *Praise to God.* C. M.

BEGIN the high celestial strain,
 My ravish'd soul, and sing,
 A solemn hymn of grateful praise,
 To our Almighty King.

Ye curling fountains, as you roll
 Your silver waves along ;

Whisper to all your verdant shores,
The subject of my song.

Bear it, ye winds, upon your wings,
To distant climbs away :
And round the wide extended world,
The lofty theme convey.

Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise ;
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the ev'ning skies,

Long let it tremble round the sphere,
And echo through the sky ;
Till angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony.

While we with sacred rapture fir'd,
The blest IMMANUEL sing.

And chant our consecrated lays
To heav'ns eternal King.

CXVI. *A Morning Hymn.* S. M.

A WAKE, my drowsy soul,
These airy visions chase;
Awake, my active pow'rs renew'd,
To run the heav'nly race.

See how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

Thus would my rising soul,
Its heav'nly parent sing:
And to its great original,
The humble tribute bring.

Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care:

I slept, and I awoke and found
My kind preserver near.

Thus does thine arm support,
This weak, defenceless frame,
But whence these favors, LORD, to me,
All worthless as I am.

Oh! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing painful load.

Dear SAVIOR, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

My life, I would anew,
Devote, O LORD, to thee;

And in thy service I would spend,
A blest'd eternity.

CXVII. *An Evening Hymn.* S. M.

SOFT season of repose,
Thy sable curtains spread;
Come, downy sleep, and stretch thy wings,
Around my weary head.

But oh! the lawless range,
With which my thoughts have stray'd,
Through mazy paths of sense and sin,
From morn to ev'ning shade.

Ah! born to nobler ends,
My soul, no more pursue
These fleeting vanities of life,
But bid the world adieu.

Thy pity, gracious God,
Thy pardon I implore;

Oh! heal these follies of my mind,
And aid me with thy pow'r.

Be thou my friendly guard,
While slumb'ring on my bed;
And with thy sacred teachings fill,
The visions of my head.

When morning's gladfome rays,
Salute my waking eyes;
All vig'rous may my soul to thee,
In grateful songs arise.

CXVIII. *The Nativity.* P. M.

HAIL, Progeny divine,
Hail, virgin's wondrous Son!
Who for that humble shrine,
Did'st quit th' Almighty's throne:
The infant LORD,
Our voices sing,

And be the King
Of grace ador'd.

Ye princes disappear,
And boast your crowns no more;
Lay down your sceptres here,
And in the dust adore:
Where JESUS dwells,
The manger bare,
In lustre far,
Your pomp excels.

With Bethlem's shepherds mild,
The angels bow their head;
And round the sacred child,
Their guardian wings they spread:
They knew that where
Their sov'reign lies.

In low disguise
Heav'ns court is there.

Thither, my soul, repair,
And humble homage pay,
To thy REDEEMER fair,
As on his natal day;
I'd kiss thy feet,
And, LORD, would be,
A child like thee,
Whom thus I greet.

CXIX. *The Song of Angels at the Birth of*
CHRIST. C. M.

HIGH, let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels, no such love have known,
T' awake a cheerful song.

Good-will, to guilty men is shewn,
 And peace on earth is giv'n;
 For lo! th' incarnate SAVIOR comes,
 With messages from heav'n.

Justice, and grace, with sweet accord,
 His rising beams adorn:
 Let heav'n, and earth, in concert join;
 Now such a child is born.

Glory to God, in highest strains,
 In highest worlds be paid;
 His glory, by our lips proclaim'd,
 And by our lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blissful realms,
 Where CHRIST exalted reigns;
 And learn of the celestial choir,
 Their own immortal strains?

CXX. *The dying SAVIOR*, L. M.

STRETCH'D on the cross, the SAVIOR dies;
 Hark! his aspiring groans arise!
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound;
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To save, and cleanse, his rebel foes!

To suffer in the traitor's place,
 To die for man, surprizing grace!
 Yet pass rebellious angels by,
 O why! for man, dear SAVIOR, why!

And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed;
 And could the sun behold the deed?
 No, he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief, and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain.

Come, dearest LORD, thy pow'r impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its pow'rs, and passions move,
In melting grief, and ardent love.

CXXI. *The Resurrection of CHRIST.* P. M.

YES, the REDEEMER rose;
The SAVIOR left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes,
High rais'd his conqu'ring head:
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

O

Behold th' angelic bands,
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet:
 Joyful they come,
 And wing the way
 From realms of day,
 To JESU'S tomb.

Then back to heav'n they fly,
 And the glad tidings bear:
 Hark! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air!
 Their anthems say,
 "JESUS, who bled,
 "Hath left the dead,
 "He rose to day."

Ye mortals catch the sound;
 Redeem'd by him, from hell;
 And send the echo round
 The globe, on which you dwell:
 Transported cry,
 "JESUS, who bled,
 "Hath left the dead,
 "No more to die."

All hail! triumphant LORD,
 Who sav'st us by thy blood,
 Wide be thy name ador'd,
 Thou rising, reigning GOD;
 With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

CXXII. *The Sabbath.* P. M.

C HRIST arose, as on this day,	Hal.
Now to him we homage pay,	Hal.
Who so lately on the Cross,	Hal.
Suffer'd to redeem our loss,	Hal.
Hymns of praises, let us sing,	Hal.
Unto CHRIST, our heav'nly King,	Hal.
Who endur'd the cross, and grave,	Hal.
Sinners to redeem, and save.	Hal.
Yes, the pains which he endur'd,	Hal.
Our salvation has procur'd;	Hal.
Now he reigns above the sky,	Hal.
Where the angels ever cry,	Hallelujah.

CXXIII. *The Resurrection, and Ascension.* P. M.

ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:

See ! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

Hallelujah.

'Tis the SAVIOR, angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound,
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Hallelujah.

Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now, to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

Hallelujah.

Heav'n displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero, through them ride ;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's, and thy own.

Hallelujah.

Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;

Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet, and strong. Hallelujah.

Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell;
Where is hell's once-dreaded King?
Where, O death! thy mortal sting? Hallelujah.

CXXIV. CHRIST, *the great Physician*. L. M.

WHY droops my soul with grief oppress?
Whence these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound?
No kind physician to be found?
Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes:
Behold the Prince of glory dies!
He dies! extended on the tree,
Thence sheds a sov'reign balm for me.
Dear SAVIOR, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die;

Bat grace forbids that painful fear,
Infinite grace, which triumphs here.

Thou wilt extract the poison'd dart,
Bind up, and heal the wounded heart;
With blooming health, my face adorn,
And change the gloomy night to morn.

Now give a loose, my soul to joy,
Hofannas be thy blest employ;
Salvation, thy eternal theme,
And swell the song with JESUS' name.

CXXV, *The Kingdom of CHRIST.* P. M.

REJOICE, the SAVIOR reigns,
The GOD of truth, and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice in CHRIST, ye saints, rejoice. O 4

His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
 The keys of death, and hell,
 Are to our JESUS giv'n;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

He all our foes shall quell,
 Shall all our fins destroy:
 And ev'ry bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy:
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice again, ye saints, rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
 JESUS, the judge, shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home:

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound rejoice.

CXXVI. *The Voice of CHRIST to the Sons
of Men.* C. M.

NOW let the list'ning world around,
In silent rev'rence hear;
While from on high the SAVIOR's voice,
Thus strikes th' attentive ear.

- " To you, O sons of men, I call;
- " And from my lofty throne,
- " Reclin'd in gentle pity bow,
- " To bring salvation down.
- " Ye careless sinners, hear my voice,
- " Attend my words and live;
- " My words conduct to solid joys,
- " And endless blessings give.

- " Each faithful minister is sent,
- " This message to proclaim :
- " In every various providence,
- " The language is the same.
- " And could the pale, forgotten, dead,
- " Though deep in dust they lie :
- " Arise in visionary crowds,
- " They'd join the solemn cry.
- " Forgetful mortals, yet be wise
- " While o'er the grave ye stand ;
- " Lest long neglected love provoke
- " The vengeance of my hand."

Dear JESUS, let thy spirit breathe,
 On souls which else will die ;
 O, let thy grace our hearts renew,
 And bring salvation nigh !

CXXVII. *The Gospel Jubilee.* L. M.

L OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
 And spread the joyful tidings round;
 Let every soul with transport hear,
 And hail the LORD's accepted year.

Ye debtors whom he gives to know,
 That you ten thousand talents owe;
 When humble at his feet you fall
 Your gracious GOD, forgives you all.

Slaves that have borne the heavy chain,
 Of sin, and hell's tyrannic reign;
 To liberty assert your claim,
 And urge the great REDEEMER's name.

The rich inheritance you lost,
 Restor'd, improv'd, you now may boast;
 Fair Salem your arrival waits,
 With golden streets and pearly gates.

Her blest inhabitants no more
 Bondage and poverty deplore;
 No debt, but love immensely great,
 Their joy still rises with the debt.

O happy souls, that know the sound!
 Celestial light your paths around
 Shall shew that jubilee begun,
 Which through eternal years shall run.

CXXVIII. *Rising to God.* L. M.

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
 Rise from the vanities of time;
 Draw back the parting veil, and see,
 The glories of eternity.

Born by a new celestial birth,
 Why should we grovel here on earth;
 Why grasp at transitory joys,
 So near to heav'ns eternal joys.

Shall ought beguile us on the road,
 When we are walking back to GOD;
 For strangers into life we come,
 And dying is but going home.

Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
 That sets our longing souls at large;
 Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
 And gives us with our GOD to dwell.

To dwell with GOD, to feel his love,
 Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above;
 And the sweet expectation now,
 Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

CXXIX. *Breathing after heavenly Things.* C.M.

TO thee, my GOD, I hourly sigh,
 But not for golden stores;
 Nor covet I the brightest gems,
 On the rich eastern shores.

Nor that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatness in its gayest forms,
My restless thoughts enflame.

Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms,
My fond desires allure;
Far greater things than earth can yield,
My wishes would secure.

Those blissful, those transporting smiles,
That brighten heav'n above;
The boundless riches of thy grace,
And treasures of thy love.

These are the mighty things I crave,
O, make these blessings mine;
And all the glories of the world,
I gladly, LORD, resign.

CXXX. *Universal Praise.* Denmark Tune.

YE nations round the globe unite,
 And join the glad angelic host;
 Adore, and bless, with pure delight,
 The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

His goodness tell, with cheerful voice;
 Whose glories shine thro' worlds immense!
 O, let us in his love rejoice;
 He is our guide and sure defence.

Let earth, and heav'n, their joys combine;
 In songs triumphant, spread his fame;
 May saints, and seraphs, countless join,
 To sing the honors of his name.

Shout, all ye worlds, JEHOVAH's love!
 And fill immensity with praise!
 Zion shall rest, in realms above,
 And chant his name, thro' endless days.

CXXXI. *Longing for the Presence of*
CHRIST. C. M.

IN vain the dusky night retires,
And sullen shadows fly;
In vain the morn, with purple light,
Adorns the eastern sky.

In vain dispensing vernal sweets,
The gentle breezes play:
In vain the birds, with cheerful songs,
Salute the new-born day.

In vain, unless my SAVIOR'S face,
These gloomy clouds controul;
And dissipates the sullen shades,
That press my drooping soul.

O, visit then, thy servants, LORD,
With favor from on high:

Arise, thou bright, immortal Sun!
And all these shades shall die.

LORD, when shall we behold thy face,
All radiant and serene;
Without these envious dusky clouds,
That make a veil between?

When shall that long expected Day
Of sacred vision be;
When our impatient souls shall make
A near approach to thee?

CXXXII. *Trust in GOD, under the various Calamities of Life.* L. M.

WHY, oh! my heart, these anxious cares?
Why these tumultuous sick'ning fears?
Why, thus all pensive and forlorn
Dost thou thy thick'ning troubles mourn.

P

When threat'ning storms around thee rise,
 And low'ring tempests spread the skies ;
 On God, my soul, the burden cast,
 And seek, in him, a peaceful rest.

If falshood, and deceit abound,
 And envy's darts in secret wound :
 If earthly springs of comfort dry,
 And ev'ry blooming joy should die.

Silent I'd bear thy chast'ning rod,
 Thy just correction, oh ! my God ;
 On thee I'll wait with eager eyes,
 To thee my pray'r with hope shall rise.

Yes, I shall hear thy cheering voice,
 In thee my soul shall yet rejoice ;
 Thou wilt reveal thy smiling face,
 And hence these gloomy horrors chase.

Thou art my SAVIOR, thou my God,
 Thy grace will I proclaim abroad ;
 That grace which bears my guilt away,
 And turns the blackest night to day.

CXXXIII. *Loving an absent SAVIOR.* C. M.

THREE happy, who on earth beheld
 The dear REDEMER'S face :
 And happy we, who in his word,
 His lovely image trace.

Our faith in this fair mirror views
 His bleeding glories shine ;
 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r, and grace,
 And majesty divine.

That filial piety to God,
 That tender love to man :
 Which in his spotless bosom glow'd,
 And through his actions ran.

Amaz'd we traverse o'er the scenes,
 Through which, the SAVIOR pass;
 Each rising proof of love adore,
 But scarce support the last.

Around the cross his glory shines,
 With most refulgent rays;
 Scarce can our feeble faith sustain.
 Th' unsufferable blaze.

We catch the fire, these icy breasts
 Are kindled to a flame;
 Seraphs describe the love we bear
 An absent SAVIOR's name.

*The Two following Hymns were first sung at Salem
 Chapel, on Sunday Morning, July 3, 1791, when
 a Sermon was preached, by the Editor, on Matt.*

xxvi. 13, occasioned by the Departure of his ever beloved Friend and Patroness, The Right Honorable Selina Countess of Huntingdon, who entered into Rest, on Friday, June 17, 1791, in the 84th. Year of her Age.

CXXXIV. *Funeral—To be sung before Sermon.*
P. M.

COME, thou promis'd Holy Spirit!
All our souls for glory seal;
Bring to view thy SAVIOR's merit,
Give our hearts its pow'r to feel.
Then serene and calmly viewing,
Sister-Pilgrims gone to rest;
With firm hope their path pursuing,
We shall long to be as blest.

Ever teach us resignation,
 In this vale of sin and woe :
 Fill us with that consolation,
 Which from JESU'S love does flow.

O! how glad in worlds of glory,
 Are the spirits of the just !
 With what ardour they adore thee,
 While what's mortal sleeps in dust !

When the day of Restitution,
 Shall in mercy dawn to view ;
 Nature feel her dissolution,
 Heav'nly prophecies prove true :

Then in glorious forms ascending,
 Shall the bodies of the saints,
 Far below, corruption leaving,
 Fully freed from all complaints,

Join their kindred souls with rapture,
Far above the final blaze;
Live an endless day in pleasure,
See their LORD with sweet amaze!

Farewell, friends! enjoy your station,
In that brightest, blissful sphere;
We who share the same salvation,
Soon shall meet triumphant there.

O, let ardent, endless praises,
Be unto the triune God,
Who the lost to glory raises,
Thro' the Lamb's atoning blood!

CXXXV. *Funeral—To be sung after Sermon.*
P. M.

O! What transporting views,
Beyond the stormy seas,

When faith the happy soul pursues,
To plains of ease.

The other side of woe,
Where death shall never come,
Whither the heav'n-born spirits go :
Their glorious home.

There, in pure climbs of light,
Our friend is now at rest,
Array'd in robes of peerless white,
With glory drest !
Could we ascend above,
And see th' exulting throng,
We'd wish to live with those we love,
And join their song.

O Zion ! cease to mourn,
Behold the moment nigh ;

Look to the fair auspicious morn,
When death shall die.

And see descending thrones ;
All heav'n in bright array,
Period of all thy pilgrim's groans,
Great judgment day!

Then shall we, ever blest'd,
In highest triumph reign ;
Each grievance be by CHRIST redress'd,
And sorrow slain.

To him who dy'd to save,
Shall songs melodious sound !
Who rais'd us from the gloomy grave,
To Cana'n's ground.

CXXXVI. *Passion and Exaltation of Christ.* S.M.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring ;

'Tis CHRIST the everlasting God,
And Christ the man, we sing.

Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt !

Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monsters spilt.

Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head :
Yet he arose to live and reign,
When death itself is dead.

No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more ;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

There the REDEEMER sits,
High on his Father's throne ;

The Father lays his veng'ance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

CXXXVII. *The Pilgrim's Song.* P. M.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course!
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source,

So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onwards to the prize;
 Soon our SAVIOR will return
 Triumphant in the skies;
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy ent'rance will be given;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

CXXXVIII. *Dismission.* P. M.

NO farther go to night, but stay,
 Dear SAVIOR, 'till the break of day,
 Turn in, dear LORD, with me;

And in the morning, when I wake,
Me in thine arms, my JESUS take,
And I'll go on with thee.

CXXXIX. *A View of the latter Day Glory.* L.M.

O Zion, fresh vigor put on,
Hark! the trumpet's millennium alarm!
Time's ages, are now almost gone,
Thy hosts for the field quickly arm:
Let thy watchmen joyfully cry,
"The dawn of the morning is fair,
"Serene is the face of the sky
"Adorn'd by the jubilee star."

Now blind superstition must cease,
And error must vanish away;
The light of the gospel of peace,
Shall turn Pagan night into day:

Rebellion and tyranny dumb
 Before the Lamb's banner shall fall,
 And for years a thousand to come,
 Shall Satan be bound to his thrall.

Full liberty, triumph, and love,
 Shall gladden these regions below;
 While JESUS, from Zion above,
 His glory incessant shall shew:
 Hosanna! earth's islands shall sing,
 All nations the chorus shall shout,
 Hosanna, to Shiloh the King!
 Till times latest days all run out.

Then sweetly the trumpet shall sound,
 The bodies of saints to awake
 From seas, and dark caves of the ground,
 While nature's vast empire shall shake:

Conven'd round his throne in the skies,
 Amazing! what multitudes shine!
 From thence all to paradise rise,
 To joys everlasting divine.

CXL. *Sabbath Morning.* P. M.

A WAKE our drowfy souls,
 Shake off each slothful band,
 The wonders of this day,
 Our noblest songs demand.
 Auspicious morn! thy blifsful rays,
 Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.
 At thy approaching dawn,
 Reluctant death resign'd,
 The glorious Prince of life,
 His dark domains confin'd.
 Th' angelic host, around him bends,
 And 'midst their shouts, the God ascends.

All hail, triumphant LORD,
 Heav'n with hosannas rings:
 While earth in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings;
 Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
 Thro' endless years, to live and reign.

Gird on, great GOD, thy sword,
 Ascend thy conqu'ring carr;
 While justice, truth, and love,
 Maintain the glorious war:
 Victorious thou, thy foes shalt tread,
 And sin, and hell, in triumph lead.

Make bare thy potent arm,
 And wing th' unerring dart,
 With salutary pangs;
 To each rebellious heart:
 Then dying souls, for life, shall sue,
 Num'rous as drops of morning dew.

CXLI. *Gracious Providence.* L. M.

THE LORD, my pasture, shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales, and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and flow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread ;

Q.

My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O LORD, art with me still :
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare, and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely, wilds, I stray ;
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile
 With sudden greens, and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

CXLII. *The Privelege of the Godly.* L. M.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs :
 To spend one day with thee on earth,
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within thy house, O God of grace :

No tents of ease, or thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave the door.

God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards the way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway,
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
The devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

CXLIII. God's *Delight*, L. M.

GOD, in his earthly temple lays
 Foundations for his heav'nly praise ;
 He likes the tents of Jacob well,
 But still in Zion loves to dwell.

His mercy visits ev'ry house,
 That pay their night, and morning vows ;
 But makes a more delightful stay,
 Where churches meet to praise, and pay.

What glories were describ'd of old !
 What wonders are of Zion told !
 Thou City of our God below,
 Thy fame shall Tyre, and Egypt know.

Egypt, and Tyre, and Greek, and Jew,
 Shall there begin their lives anew :
 Angels, and men, shall join to sing
 The hill, where living waters spring.

When God makes up his last account,
 Of natives in his holy mount,
 'Twill be an honor to appear,
 As one new-born, or nourish'd there.

CXLIV. *The Sabbath.* C. M.

THIS is the day the LORD hath made,
 He calls the hours his own ;
 Let heav'n rejoice, and earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

To-day he rose, and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell ;
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son !
 Help us, O LORD, descend, and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

Blest be the LORD, who comes to men
 With messages of grace ;
 Who comes in GOD, his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains,
 The church on earth can raise !
 The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

CXLV. *Faith in Exercise.* L. M.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;
 Thence all her help my soul derives :
 There my Almighty refuge lives.
 He lives ! the everlasting God !
 That built the world, that spread the flood ;
 The heav'ns, with all their hosts he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, he guards our way,
 His morning smiles blefs all the day ;
 He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest,
 May rise secure, securely rest ;
 Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes,
 Admit no slumber, or surprise.

No sun shall smite thy head by day,
 Nor the pale moon with sickly ray,
 Shall blast thy couch : no baleful star,
 Dart his malignant fire so far.

Should earth, and hell, with malice burn,
 Still thou shalt go, and still return
 Safe in the LORD ; his heav'nly care
 Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.

CXLVI. *The blessed Man.* C. M.

HAPPY the man, whose soul is fill'd
 With zeal, and rev'rend awe !
 His lips, to God, their honors yield,
 His life adorns the law.

A careful providence shall stand,
 And ever guard thy head,
 Shall on the labors of thy hand,
 Its kindly blessings shed.

Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine,
 Thy children round thy board,
 Each like a plant of honor shine,
 And learn to fear the LORD.

The LORD shall thy best hopes fulfil,
 For months, and years to come ;
 The LORD, who dwells on Zion's hill,
 Shall send thee blessings home.

This is the man whose happy eyes,
 Shall see his house increase;
 Shall see the sinking church arise,
 Then leave the world in peace,

CXLVII. *Omniscience.* L. M.]

COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
 To quit thy service, and thy love;
 Where, LORD, could I thy presence shun,
 Or from thy dreadful glory run?

If up to heav'n I take my flight,
 'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthron'd in light,
 Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
 And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

If mounted on a morning ray,
 I fly beyond the western sea;
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy light,
 Beneath the spreading veil of night,
 One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.

The veil of night is no disguise,
 No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
 Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
 Through midnight shades as blazing noon.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Whene'er I rove, whene'er I rest!
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

CXLVIII. *Morning or Evening.* L. M.

MY God, accept my early vows,
 Like morning incense in thine house,
 And let my nightly worship rise,
 Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.

Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, **LORD**,
 From ev'ry rash and heedless word :
 Nor let my feet incline to tread
 The guilty paths where sinners lead.

O may the righteous, when I stray,
 Smite and reprove my wand'ring way !
 Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

When I behold them prest with grief,
 I'll cry to heav'n for their relief ;
 And by my warm petitions prove,
 How much I prize their faithful love.

CXLIX. *Let all Things praise the LORD.* 7s.

HALLELUJAH! let us sing ;
 Praises to the heav'nly King ;
 To the God supremely great,
 Hallelujah in the height.

Praise him, bright angelic band,
 Ye that in his presence stand;
 Raptur'd spirits of his train,
 All whom heav'ns vast hosts contain.

Praise him, sun, at each extreme,
 Orient streak, and western beam,
 Moon and stars, of mystic dance,
 Silv'ring in the blue expanse.

Praise the LORD, on earth's domains,
 And the mutes the sea contains;
 Ye that on the surface leap,
 And the dragons of the deep.

Batt'ring hail, and fires that glow,
 Streaming vapors, plummy snow,
 Wind, and storm, his wrath incurr'd,
 Wing'd and pointed at his word.

Mountains of enormous scale,
 Ev'ry hill, and ev'ry vale,
 Fruit trees of a thousand dyes,
 Cedars that perfume the skies.

Beasts that haunt the woodland maze,
 Nibbling flocks, and droves that graze;
 Reptiles of amphibious breed,
 Feather'd millions form'd for speed.

Kings, and nations of the earth;
 Judges, all of princely birth,
 Youthful bands, and virgin choir,
 Lispering babe, and hoary fire.

Saints exalted by his arm,
 Chief, the heav'nly theme shall warm,
 All, in one great chorus join;
 Praise, O praise, the name divine.

CL. CHRIST'S *Commission*. S. M.

RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done.
 Sing how eternal love,
 Its chief beloved chose,
 And bid him raise our wretched race
 From their abyſs of woes.
 His hand no thunder bears,
 No terror cloaths his brow;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.
 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath ſtood ſilent by,
 When CHRIST was ſent with pardons down
 To rebels doom'd to die.

Now sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

LORD, we obey the call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

CLI. *Bewailing my own Inconstancy.* L. M.

I Love the LORD, but ah! how far,
My thoughts from the dear object are;
This treach'rous heart, how wide it roves,
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

If my soul burn to see my GOD,
I tread the courts of his abode;
But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me off before his face.

Would I enjoy my LORD, alone,
 I bid my passions all begone;
 All but my love, and charge my will,
 To bar the door, and guard it still.

But cares or trifles make or find,
 Their secret inlets to the mind:
 Till I with grief and wonder see,
 Huge crouds, between my LORD and me.

Look gently down, almighty grace,
 Prison me round in thy embrace;
 Pity the soul that would be thine,
 And let thy pow'r my love confine.

CLII. *Religion vain without Love.* L. M.

HAD we the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler speech than angels use;
 If love be wanting, we are found,
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

Were we inspir'd to preach, or tell
 All that is done in heav'n and hell;
 Or could our faith, the world remove,
 Still we are nothing without love.

Should we distribute all our store,
 To cheer the bosom of the poor;
 Or give our bodies to the flame,
 To gain a Martyr's glorious name,

If love to God, and love to man,
 Be absent, all our hopes are vain,
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
 The work of love can e'er fulfil.

CLIII. *The Pilgrim.* P, M.

HOW happy is the Pilgrim's lot,
 How free from ev'ry anxious thought,

R

From worldly hope and fear :
 Confin'd to neither court or cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.

His happiness in part is mine,
 Already sav'd from self-design,
 From ev'ry creature love !
 Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.

The things eternal, I pursue,
 And happiness beyond the view
 Of those, who basely pant
 For things, by nature, felt and seen :
 Their honors, wealth, and pleasure mean,
 I neither have or want.

Nothing, on earth, I call my own,
 A stranger, to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise ;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a country out of sight,
 A country in the skies.

CLIV. *On opening a new Place of Worship.* L.M

GREAT GOD, thy watchful care we bless,
 Which guards our synagogues in peace
 Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
 To fill our worshippers with dread.

These walls, we to thy honor raise,
 Long may they echo to thy praise,
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.

Here, let the great REDEEMER reign,
 With all the graces of his train;
 While pow'r divine, his word attends,
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

And in the great decisive day,
 When God, the nations shall survey;
 May it, before the world, appear,
 That crouds were born to glory here.

CLV. *The Waters of the Sanctuary.* L. M.

GREAT source of being, and of love,
 Thou wat'rest all the worlds above:
 And all the joys which mortals know,
 From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

A sacred spring, at thy command,
 From Sion's mount, in Cana'n's land,
 Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
 And pours its limpid stream around.

The limpid stream, with sudden force,
 Swells to a river, in its course ;
 Through desert-realms, its windings play,
 And scatter blessings all the way.

Close by its banks, in order fair,
 The blooming trees of life appear ;
 Their blossoms, fragrant odours give,
 And on their fruit the nations live,

To the dead sea the waters flow,
 And carry healing as they go ;
 Its pois'nous dregs their pow'r confess,
 And all its shores, the fountain bless.

Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crown'd,
 Flow on to earth's remotest bound ;
 And bear us on thy gentle wave,
 To him who all thy virtue gave.

CLVI. *Christian Love.* S. M.

LET party names no more,
 The christian world o'erspread:
 Gentile, and Jew, and bond, and free,
 Are one in CHRIST their head.
 Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.
 Let envy, child of hell!
 Be banish'd far away;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who the same LORD obey.
 Thus will the church below,
 Resemble that above;
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

CLVII. *The Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting springs abide,
And never fading flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea divides,
That heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drefs'd in living green;
So to the Jews, old Cana'n stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But fearful mortals start, and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise;
 And see the Cana'n that we love,
 With unbecclouded eyes.

Could we but climb were Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Nor Jordan's streams, or death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

CLVIII. *The Happiness of being with CHRIST.*

WHILE on the verge of life I stand.
 And view the scene on either hand,
 My spirit struggles with my clay,
 And longs to wing its flight away.

Where JESUS dwells my soul would be,
 And fains, my much lov'd LORD, to see:
 Earth twine no more about my heart,
 For 'tis far better to depart,

Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
 And lead the willing pilgrim home;
 Ye know the way to JESU's throne,
 Source of my joys, and of your own.

That blissful interview, how sweet!
 To fall transported at his feet!
 Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
 Through the full beamings of his grace.

As with a seraphs voice to sing!
 To fly as on a cherubs wing!
 Performing with unwearied hands,
 The present SAVIOR's high commands.

Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
 We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
 For while thy service we pursue,
 We find a heav'n begun below.

CLIX. *The Second Appearance of Christ.* L.M.

MY waken'd soul, extend thy wings,
 Beyond the verge of mortal things;
 See this vain world, in smoke decay,
 And rocks and mountains melt away.

Behold the fiery deluge roll,
 Through heav'n's wide arch, from pole to pole;
 Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast,
 Tremble and fall, ye starry host.

This wreck of nature all around,
 The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound;
 Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
 And echo his tremendous name.

Children of Adam, all appear
 With rev'rence, round his awful bar;
 For as his lips pronounce ye go,
 To endless bliss, or endless woe.

LORD, to my eyes, this scene display,
 Frequent through each returning day;
 And let thy grace my soul prepare
 To meet its full redemption there.

CLX. *The Dying Christian to his Soul.* P. M.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying.
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper, angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away;
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight;
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath;
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it disappears;
 Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly;
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?

CLXI. *The incomparable Physician.* P. M.

HOW lost was my condition,
 Till JESUS made me whole!
 There is but one physician,
 Can cure a sin-sick soul:
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave;
 To tell to all around me,
 His wondrous pow'r to save.
 The worst of all diseases
 Is light, compar'd with sin:

On ev'ry part it seizes,
 But rages most within :
 'Tis palsy, dropfy, fever,
 And madnefs, all combin'd ;
 And none but a believer,
 The leaft relief can find.

From men great skill profeffing,
 I thought a cure to gain ;
 But this prov'd more diftrefling ;
 And added to my pain :
 Some faid that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for loft ;
 Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were crofs'd.

At length, this great phyfician,
 How matchlefs is his grace !

Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had seal'd ;
 Then bid me look unto him,
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.

A dying, risen JESUS,
 Seen by the eye of faith ;
 At once from anguish frees us
 And saves the soul from death :
 Come then to this phyfician,
 His help he'll kindly give ;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only—look and live.

CLXII. *The great Mistake rectified.* L. M.

BY various maxims, forms, and rules,
 That pass for wisdom in the schools :

I strove my passion to restrain;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

But since the SAVIOR I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one;
To keep my LORD, by faith, in view,
This strength supplies, and motives too.

I see him lead a suff'ring life,
Patient, amidst reproach and strife;
And from his pattern, courage take,
To bear, and suffer, for his sake.

Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight, from guilt am freed;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

To look to JESUS as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;

Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my SAVIOR's tomb.

Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For JESUS lives, and will provide.

I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conqu'ror's crown:
If press'd with griefs and cares before,
My soul revives, nor asks for more.

By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand:
Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where, and as he is.

CLXIII. *Before Sermon—To young People C. M.*

BESTOW, dear LORD, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth,
Fall in a fruitful place.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure, and heav'n'ly root;
But fairest in the youngest shews,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,
The voice of sov'reign love!
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

True, you are young, but there's a stone,
Within the youngest breast;

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Or half the crimes that you have done,
Would rob you of your rest.

For you, the public pray'r is made,
Oh! join the public pray'r!

For you, the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear.

We pray, that you may early prove,
The spirit's pow'r to teach;
You cannot be too young to love,
That Jesus, whom we preach.

CLXIV. *Christmas.* 7s.

SWEETER sounds than music knows,
Charm me in IMMANUEL's name;
All her hopes, my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

When he came, the angels sung,
 Glory be to GOD on high;
 LORD, set loose, my stamm'ring tongue,
 Who should louder sing than I?

Did the LORD, a man become,
 That he might the law fulfil?
 Bleed, and suffer, in my room,
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

No, I must my praises bring,
 Tho' they worthless are, and weak;
 For should I refuse to sing,
 Sure, the very stones would speak.

O, my SAVIOR, shield, and sun,
 Shepherd, brother, husband, friend:
 Ev'ry precious name in one,
 I will love thee without end.

CLXV. *The Death of Vice.* C. M.

I Nevil, long I took delight,
 Unaw'd by shame, or fear;
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopp'd my wild career.

I saw one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies and blood;
 Who fix'd his loving eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.

Sure, never till my latest breath,
 Can I forget that look;
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Tho' not a word he spoke.

My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
 And plung'd me in despair;
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And help'd to nail him there.

Alas ! I knew not what I did,
 But now my tears are vain ;
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
 For I, the LORD have slain.

A second look he gave, which said,
 " I freely all forgive ;
 This blood, is for thy ransom paid,
 I die, that thou may'st live."

Thus, while his death my sin displays,
 In all it blackest hue ;
 Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals my pardon too.

With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
 My spirit now is fill'd ;
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

CLXVI. *The Believer's Death.* C. M.

IN vain, my fancy strives to paint,
 The moment after death;
 The glories that surround the saint,
 When yielding up his breath.

One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
 We scarce can say they're gone!
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Her mansion near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
 To trace her in her flight:
 No eye can pierce within the veil,
 Which hides that world of light.

This much, and this is all we know,
 They are completely blest;
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their SAVIOR rest.

On harps of gold, they praise his name,
 His face they always view ;
 Then let us follow'rs be of them,
 That we may praise him too.

Their faith, and patience, love, and zeal,
 Should make their mem'ry dear ;
 And, LORD, do thou the pray'rs fulfil,
 They offer'd for us here.

While they have gain'd, we loofers are,
 We miss them day by day ;
 But thou canst ev'ry breach repair,
 And wipe our tears away.

We pray, as in Elifha's case,
 When great Elijah went ;
 May double portions of thy grace,
 To us who stay, be sent.

CLXVII. *True Enjoyment.* C. M.

WHEN faith presents the SAVIOR's death,
 And whispers, "This is mine:"
 Sweetly my rising hours advance,
 And peacefully decline.

While such my views, the radiant sun,
 Sheds a more lively ray :
 Each object smiles, all nature charms,
 I sing my cares away.

I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
 Unmeasurably kind ;
 To thy unerring, gracious will,
 Be ev'ry wish resign'd.

Yes ! all the downward tracts of time
 God's watchful eye surveys ;
 Then who so wise to chuse our lot,
 And regulate our ways.

Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies :
Afflictions from his gracious hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

Let outward things go how they will,
On thee I cast my care :
But let me reign with thee in heav'n,
Tho' most unworthy here.

An hope like this, shall sweeten death,
And smoothe the rugged way :
Smile on me, dearest LORD, and then
I shall not wish to stay.

CLXVIII. *Meditation.* C. M.

HE is a God of sov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me ;
And taught my soul to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

Prepare me, LORD, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day:
Come death, and some celestial band
To bear my soul away.

Then my beloved take my soul,
Up to thy blest abode:
That face to face I may behold,
My SAVIOR and my GOD.

CLXIX. *The Christian Soldier.* S. M. D.

HARK! how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The pow'rs of hell surround.
Who bow to CHRIST's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare,
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

CLXX. *The last Day.* P. M.

SOLEMN day of nature's doom!
 When the pris'ners of the tomb,
 Wakeing, list'ning, starting, rising,
 (At the trumpet's sound alarming;)
 To God's bar, in yon high sphere,
 Amidst the throng, I must appear!

Oh! the grandeur of the scene!
 Worlds conven'd! the Judge serene!
 See the kings and queens of earth,
 All their sons since nature's birth;
 All the nation's ever born,
 Shall meet amaz'd! on that bright morn.

Now silence reigns through all the croud,
 While JESUS, on his throne, aloud;
 The various sentence gives!

Hark ! hark ! the songs, with raptures led,
While Zion's foes are conquered,
Herself triumphant lives.

CLXXI. *The Chief Beloved.* C. M.

THE letters of thy charming name,
Sweet JESUS, fount of love :
Be thou, on earth, my daily joy,
And endless song above.

Under thy gracious wings repos'd,
I'd always wish to be :
Renounce all pleasures for that one,
Of ever loving thee.

All good the universe contains,
An unexhausted store ;
Is comprehended in thyself,
Ten thousand times, and more.

Thy free salvation is my rest,
 Salvation is my home:
 And let salvation be engrav'd,
 Upon my silent tomb.

CLXXIII. *The everlasting Wonder.* P. M.

BY night I sometimes wonder,
 And wonder oft by day;
 I wonder now, and wonder
 Shall, while on earth I stay:
 'Twill be a pleasing wonder,
 If I should safely come
 Thro' all the storms to Zion,
 My peaceful, happy, home.
 The angels altogether,
 Shall there in wonder be;
 Ten thousand times more wonder,
 It will be unto me:

If e'er one so polluted,
 So wounded ev'ry way,
 Should from the wars returning,
 Be seen in bright array.

Yes earth and heav'n will wonder,
 Should I the conquest gain,
 After so often groaning,
 Half dead among the slain:
 'Twill be an endless wonder,
 If ever I arrive,
 Thro' seas of tribulation,
 In Cana'n's land alive!

The saints will greatly wonder,
 And shout the victors' song,
 And I the greatest wonder,
 There singing in the throng:

A wonder above wonders,
To see one black as I:
White without spot or blemish,
Among that host on high!

CLXXIV. *Our God for ever and ever.* L. M.

THIS GOD is the GOD we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure or end:
'Tis JESUS the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

CLXXV. *For Easter Day.* P. M.

THE day spring dawns, the awful hour is come,
Big with the fate of all the sons of men;
Eternity depends; say, silent tomb,

Can that dead corpse of JESUS rise again?
 Hark! what sounds of joy I hear,
 Lo! from heav'n, the herald near,
 Bright his face as mid-day sun,
 How the guards affrighted run!
 Back the pond'rous rock he roll'd,
 Wide the gates of death unfold,
 To their victor, LORD, the way
 Up to life, and endless day.
 He comes! all hail; see, from the dead,
 The mighty Conqu'ror comes;
 Sin, death, and hell, are captive led,
 The victory is won.
 Acclamations rend the sky,
 Ris'n indeed, the angels cry,
 Earth reechoes back the sound,
 Loud the ransom'd shout around.

He that suffer'd in our stead,
 JESUS CHRIST is ris'n indeed:
 Acclamations rend the sky,
 Ris'n! the universal cry.
 Amen, Hallelujah! Amen.

CLXXVI. *The Necessity of divine Teaching.* C.M.

THE book of nature open lies,
 With much instruction stor'd;
 But 'till the LORD anoint our eyes,
 We cannot read a word.

Philosophers have por'd in vain,
 And guess'd from age to age;
 For reason's eye could ne'er attain,
 To understand a page.

Tho' to each star they give a name,
 Its size and motions teach;

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The truths which all the stars proclaim,
Their wisdom cannot reach.

With skill to measure earth and sea,
And weigh the subtile air;
They cannot, LORD, discover thee,
Tho' present ev'ry where.

The knowledge of the saints excels,
The wisdom of the schools;
To them this secret GOD reveals,
Tho' men account them fools.

To them, the sun and stars on high,
The flow'rs that paint the field;
And all the artless birds that fly,
Divine instruction yield.

The creatures on their senses press,
As witnesses to prove

Their SAVIOR's pow'r and faithfulneſs,
His providence and love.

Thus may we ſtudy nature's book,
To make us wiſe indeed!
And pity thoſe who only look
At what they cannot read.

CLXXVII. *The Way of Life.* 73.

NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze,
But to Zion's throne of grace;
By a way, mark'd out with blood,
Sinners now approach to GOD.

Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Water, by that well ſupply'd,
JESUS open'd when he dy'd.

LORD, there are no streams but thine,
 Can assuage a thirst like mine;
 'Tis a thirst thyself didst give,
 Let me, therefore, drink, and live.

CLXXVIII. 50th. Psalm.

THE God of glory, sends his summons
 forth:
 Calls the South nations, and awakes the North:
 From East to West, his sov'reign orders spread,
 Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead.
 The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n re-
 joices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

No more shall Atheists mock his long delay;
 His veng'ance sleeps no more: behold the day!

Behold the judge descends, his guards are nigh:
 Tempest, and fire, attend him down the sky.
 When GOD appears, all nature shall adore him:
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

“Heav’n earth, and hell, draw near: let all
 things come

“To hear my justice, and the sinner’s doom:

“But gather first, my saints, (the judge commands)

“Bring them, ye angels, from their distant
 lands.”

When CHRIST returns, wake ev’ry cheerful
 passion:

And shout, ye saints, he comes for your sal-
 vation.

CLXXIX. *Exhortation to Praise.* 7s.

HARK! dull soul! how ev'ry thing
 Strives t'adore our bounteous king:
 Each a double tribute pays,
 Sings its part, and then obeys.

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
 Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
 Learn of birds, and springs, and flow'rs,
 How t'employ thy nobler pow'rs.

Call whole nature to thy aid,
 Since 'twas he, whole nature made;
 Join we in one endless song,
 Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious LORD,
 Live by all thy works ador'd:
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 All things bow to thee alone.

CLXXX. *Divine Teaching.* C. M.

THE spirit breaths upon the word,
 And brings the truth to light :
 Precepts and promises afford,
 A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun ;
 It gives a light to ev'ry age,
 It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it, still supplies
 The gracious light, and heat ;
 His truths upon the nations rise,
 They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine !
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine,
 With beams of heav'nly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue,
The steps of him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view,
And brighter worlds above.

CLXXXI. *The Scriptures.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glories shine?
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

Here, may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

Here, the REDEEMER'S welcome voice,
Spreads heav'nly peace around :
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heav'nly pages be,
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine instructor, gracious LORD,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my SAVIOR there.

CLXXXII. *Hardness of Heart.* L. M.

O H ! for a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn stone away ;
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear LORD, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

Thy judgments too, unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought) which devils fear,
Goodness, and wrath, in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

But something yet, can do the deed,
And that dear something, much I need;
Thy spirit can from dross refine,
And move, and melt this heart of mine.

CLXXXIII. *Remember me.* C. M.

O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear LORD, remember me.

When groaning on my burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love, remember me.

Temptations fore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
O give me strength, LORD, as my day,
For good, remember me.

If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame, and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

The hour is near! consign'd to death,
 I own the just decree;
 SAVIOR, with my last parting breath
 I'll cry, remember me.

CLXXXIV. *Parting Hymn.* C. M.

HOW happy thus to meet in love,
 And fellowship divine;
 By faith to look to realms above,
 Where our bright mansions shine.

In all our interviews this side
 The fair celestial plains;
 O! may we love the crucify'd,
 Who there triumphant reigns.

Soon on the clouds, he'll come to view,
 We'll sing far sweeter then;
 Tho' here below we say adieu,
 We part to meet again.

CLXXXV. *Before Sermon.* 7s.

HERALDS meek, by heav'n's command,
On the walls of Zion stand :

Lo! the jubilee of peace,
Year of life and full release :
Glorious season ! is come round,
Blow the trumpet's tuneful sound.

Publish loud, the terms of grace,
Call to arms the ransom'd race ;
Earth and heav'n is on your side,
In your Captain's word confide :
See him, conqu'ror, on his throne,
Sound the trumpet's martial tone.

Soon the wars below shall cease,
We shall soar to realms of peace ;
CHRIST shall thus to Gabr'el say,
" Now's the moment fly away :

“ Stand o’er yon terraqueous ball ;
 “ Sound the trumpet’s final call.”

CLXXXVI. *Invitation.* Isa. lv. 1. P. M.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw near,
 To living waters pure and clear,
 Which sov’reign grace imparts :
 The invitation wide extends,
 The LORD, by me, MESSIAH sends,
 To broken, contrite hearst.

Why loiter then, ye fallen race,
 Time flies, on wings, with rapid pace,
 Obey the friendly call :
 The hoary head, the heedless youth,
 Receive this solemn, cheering, truth,
 We rise just as we fall.

CLXXXVII. *Christmas.*—To Cheshunt New.

WHEN worlds were form'd by sov'reign might
 How nobly sang the sons of light!
 When the high music of the spheres
 First sounded in JEHOVAH's ears.

But hark! in Judah's humble plains,
 They warble softer, sweeter, strains;
 "Peace on the earth—to men good will,"
 Fly, heav'nly news, creation fill.

Lo! from the East, with meekest eye,
 A lovely star sails thro' the sky,
 And shews three sages the nigh way,
 To Beth'lem, where an infant lay.

Where is the babe? tell, angels where?
 Look, see him in the manger, there!
 'Tis he, the Ancient of all days,
 Whom worlds celestial, ceaseless praise.

Lo! at his feet, the richest worth
 Of eastern climes is poured forth;
 The hour is come! Messiah born!
 Ne'er shone before, so bright a morn!
 See, where he reigns exalted! see
 Mansions prepar'd, my soul, for thee,
 Redemption's Author, and its end,
 The King of kings, my endless friend.

CLXXXVIII. *Dismission.* L. M. D.

LET softest strains of music rise,
 To him who reigns above the skies;
 Shout all creation, his great name!
 And daily sing his matchless fame.
 He made the worlds, and gave his Son
 To rescue man; the work is done!
 Let angels and the ransom'd race,
 For ever, loud extol his grace.

CLXXXIX. *Dismission.* P. M.

SOME sweet favor, of thy favor,
 Shed abroad in ev'ry heart ;
 Heav'nward as to thee we go,
 Leaving guilt and fear below :
 Blessing, praising, without ceasing,
 Bid us LORD depart.

CXC. *The dying Believer's Soliloquy.* 7s.

P A R T I.

DEATHLESS principle arise,
 Soar, thou nature of the skies ;
 Pearl of price, by JESUS bought,
 To his glorious likeness wrought.
 Go to shine before his throne,
 Deck his mediatorial crown ;

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Go, his triumphs to adorn,
Made for God, to God return.

Lo! he beckons from on high!
Fearless, to his presence fly;
Thine, the merit of his blood,
Thine, the righteousness of God.

Angels, joyful to attend,
Hov'ring round thy pillow bend,
Wait to catch the signal giv'n,
And escort thee quick to heav'n.

Is thy earthly house distressed?
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it must die,
Fly, celestial tenant, fly.

Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;

Singing to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fir'd with love.

CXCI. *The dying Believer's Soliloquy.* 7s.

PART II.

SHUDDER not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on him;
Him! whose dying love and pow'r,
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.

Safe in the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve;
Not one object of his care,
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view:
Love divine shall bear thee thro';
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

Saints in glòry perfect made,
Wait thy passage thro' the shade :
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng thy blifsful shore.

Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above ;
Swifly to their wish be giv'n,
Kindle higher joy in heav'n.

Such the prospects that arife,
To the dying christian's eyes ;
Such the glorious vifta, faith,
Open thro' the shades of death.

CXCII. *A Contemplation on Heavenly Blifs.* P.M.

Rev. vii. 9—17. P A R T I.

I SAW, and lo ! a countless throng,
Th' elect of ev'ry nation, name, and tongue,

Assembled round the everlasting throne ;
 With robes of white endu'd
 (The righteousness of God) ;
 And each a palm sustain'd
 In his victorious hand ;
 When thus the bright melodious choir begun :
 " Salvation to thy name,
 " Eternal God, and co-eternal Lamb,
 " In pow'r, in glory, and in essence, One !"

So sung the saints.--Th' angelic train,
 Second the anthem with a loud AMEN.
 (These in the outer circle stood,
 The saints were nearest God) ;
 And prostrate fall, with glory overpow'r'd,
 And hide their faces with their wings,
 And thus address the King of kings :

“ All hail ! by thy triumphant church ador’d!
 “ Blessing, and thanks, and honor too,
 “ Are thy supreme, thy everlasting due,
 “ Our triune, Sov’ reign, our propitious LORD ! ”

While I beheld th’ amazing sight,
 A seraph, pointed to the saints in white,
 And told me who they were, and whence they
 came :

“ These are they, whose lot below
 Was persecution, pain, and woe :
 These are the chosen purchas’d flock,
 Who ne’er their LORD forsook ;
 Through his imputed merit, free from blame ;
 Redeem’d from ev’ry sin ;
 And, as thou seest, whose garments were made
 clean,
 Wash’d in the blood of yon exalted Lamb.

Sav'd by his righteousness alone,
 Spotless they stand before the throne,
 And in th' etherial temple chant his praise :
 Himself among them deigns to dwell,
 And face to face his light reveal :
 Hunger, and thirst, as heretofore,
 And pain, and heat, they know no more ;
 Nor need, as once, the sun's prolific rays,
 IMMANUEL, here, his people feeds,
 To streams of joy perennial leads,
 And wipes, for ever wipes, the tears from ev'ry
 face."

CXCIII. *A Contemplation on Heavenly Bliss. P.M.*

PART II.

HAPPY the souls releas'd from fear,
 And safely landed there !

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Some of the shining number, once, I knew,
 And travell'd with them here :
 Nay, some (my elder brethren now)
 Sat later out for heav'n ; my junior faints, below ;
 Long after me, they heard the call of grace,
 Which wak'd them unto righteousness.
 How have they got beyond !
 Converted last, yet first with glory crown'd !
 Little, once, I thought that these
 Would first the summit gain,
 And leave me, far behind, slow journeying thro'
 the plain !
 Lov'd, while on earth : nor less belov'd, tho' gone ;
 Think not I envy you your crown :
 No ; if I could, I would not, call you down,
 Tho' slower is my pace,

To you I'll follow on,
Leaning on JESUS all the way,
Who now and then, lets fall a ray
Of comfort from his throne.

The shinings of his grace
Softens my passage thro' the wilderness,
And vines, nectareous, spring, where briers grew:
The sweet unveilings of his face
Make me, at times, near half as blest as you.
O might his beauty feast my ravish'd eyes,
His gladd'ning presence ever stay,
And cheer me all my journey thro'!
But soon the clouds return; my triumph dies;
Damp vapors from the valley rise,
And hide the hill, of Sion, from my view.

SPIRIT of light, thrice holy Dove,
Brighten my sense of int'rest in that love

Which knew no birth, and never shall expire!
 Electing goodness, firm and free,
 My whole salvation hangs on thee,
 Eldest and fairest daughter of eternity.
 Redemption, grace, and glory too,
 Our bliss above, and hopes below,
 From her, their parent-fountain, flow,
 Ah, tell me, LORD, that thou hast chosen ME!
 Thou, who hast kindled my intense desire,
 Fulfil the wish thy influence did inspire,
 And let me my election know!
 Then, when thy summons bids me come up higher,
 Well-pleas'd I shall from life retire,
 And join the burning hosts, beheld at distance now.

A N T H E M S.

O Clap your hands together, all ye people, **O** sing unto **GOD** with the voice of melody. For the **LORD** is high and to be feared, he is the great King upon all the earth. **O** clap your hands together, all ye people, **O** sing unto **GOD** with the voice of melody. **GOD** is gone up with a merry noise, and the **LORD** with the sound of the trumpet. **O** sing praises, sing praises, unto our **GOD**; **O** sing praises, sing praises, unto our King. *Psalms* xlvii.

I HEARD a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha, and Omega, the first and the

last. And I saw one like the Son of Man, cloathed with a garment down to his feet; his head and his hair were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire, and his voice as the sound of many waters, his countenance as the sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, fear not, I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for ever more, AMEN. *Rev. i.*

BEHOLD! I bring you glad tidings, which shall be to all people, tidings of great joy. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a SAVIOR, which is CHRIST the LORD. And suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude

tude, of the heav'nly host, praising God, and saying, HALLELUJAH! Glory to God in the highest, Amen. *Luke ii.*

THEY that put their trust in the LORD, shall be even as mount Sion, which may not be removed; but standeth fast for ever. The hills stand about Jerusalem, even so standeth the LORD round about his people, from this time forth for evermore. *Psalms cxxv.*

IBEHELD, and lo a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb; cloathed in white robes, and palms were in their hands, and they cry'd with a loud voice, saying, salvation to our
God

GOD, which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb: and they cryed with a loud voice, saying, blessing, hallelujah! and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our GOD, for ever and ever, Amen. Hallelujah! *Rev. vii.*

BEHOLD, how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down unto the beard, even unto Aaron's beard, and went down to the skirts of his cloathing; like as the dew of Hermon, which fell upon the hill of Sion; for there the LORD promised his blessing and life for ever more. *Psalme cxxxiii.*

LET all the angels of GOD worship Him. *Heb. i. 6.*

O BE joyful in God, all ye lands, serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song. Be ye sure that the Lord he is God, it is he that made us and not we ourselves, we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. O go your ways into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. Be thankful unto him and speak good of his name. For the Lord is gracious, and his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth from generation to generation. *Psa. n c.*

O Sing unto the LORD a new song, for he hath done marvellous things; with his own right hand, and with his holy arm, hath he gotten himself the victory. The LORD declared his salvation; his righteousness hath he openly shewed

shewed in the sight of the heathen; he hath remembered his mercy and truth, and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of God. O sing unto the LORD a new made song, shew yourselves joyful unto the LORD, all ye lands: sing, rejoice, and give thanks; praise the LORD upon the harp, sing to the harp with songs of thanksgiving; with trumpets also, and shawms: O shew yourselves joyful unto the LORD, the King: sing, rejoice, and give thanks. *Pf. xcvi.*

HALLELUJAH! for the LORD GOD
OMNIPOTENT reigneth. *Rev. xix. 6.*

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our LORD and of his CHRIST; and he shall reign for ever and ever. *Rev. xi. 15.*

KING of KINGS and LORD of LORDS.
Rev. xix. 16. **HALLELUJAH!**

James Bartholomew
His Book

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